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THE HUDSON
SHAKESPEARE

James Wilson

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War. "But Henry now shail wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow."—

King Henry VI. P. 3. Act 4, Scene 3.

Page 86.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH
A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Harvard Edition.

BY THE
REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

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KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.

THE Third Part resumes the history just where it paused at the close of the Second, and carries it on from the first battle of Saint Alban's, May, 1445, till the death of King Henry, which took place in May, 1471. And the connection of this play with the preceding is much the same as that between the First Part and the Second; there being no apparent reason why the Third should begin where it does, but that the Second ended there. The parliamentary doings, which resulted in a compromise of the two factions, are here set in immediate juxtaposition with the first battle of Saint Alban's, whereas they were in fact separated by an interval of more than five years. Nevertheless the arrangement is a very judicious one; for that interval was marked by little else than similar scenes of slaughter, which had no decisive effect on the relative condition of the parties: so that the representing of them would but have encumbered the play with details without helping on the author's purpose. Not so, however, with the battle of Wakefield, which followed hard upon those doings in Parliament: for this battle, besides that it yielded matter of peculiar dramatic interest in itself, had the effect of kindling that inexpressible rage and fury of madness which it took such rivers of blood to slake. For the historians note that from this time forward the war was conducted with the fiercest rancour and exasperation, each faction seeming more intent to butcher than to subdue the other. The cause of this demoniacal enthusiasm could not well be better presented than it is in the wanton and remorseless savagery displayed at the battle in question. And the effect is answerably told in the next battle represented, where the varying fortune and long-doubtful issue served but to multiply and deepen the horrors of the tragedy.

The result of the battle of Towton, fought March 29, 1461,

left the Yorkists to the divulsive energy of their own passions and vices; for in their previous contests had been generated a virulence of self-will that would needs set them at strife among themselves when they had no common antagonist to strive against. The overbearing pride and arrogance of Warwick would not brook to be crossed, and the pampered caprice of Edward would not stick to cross it: the latter would not have fought as he did, but to the end that he might be king; nor would the former have done so much for him, but that he might have a king subject to his control. It is remarkable that the causes of the deadly feud between the king-maker and his royal creature have never been fully explained. History having assigned several, the Poet, even if he had known better, was amply warranted in taking the one that would be made to tell most on the score of dramatic interest. And the scene at the Court of Louis justifies his choice, it being, in point of sound stage-effect, probably the best in the play; while the representation, however untrue to fact, is true to the temper, the motives, and character of the parties concerned.

The marriage of King Edward with the Lady Elizabeth Grey took place in May, 1464, something more than three years after the battle of Towton. The Queen's influence over her husband, resulting in the preferment of her family, gave apt occasion for those discontents and schisms in the faction which, in whatever line of conduct he had followed, could not have been long without pretexts. The effect of such schisms was to rally and strengthen the opposite faction into a renewal of the conflict. The capture of Edward by Warwick occurred in the Summer of 1469, and was followed by the restoration of Henry, who had been over five years a prisoner in the Tower. The domineering and dictatorial habit of Warwick was not less manifest in his alliance with Henry than it had been with Edward. The Earl had given his oldest daughter to Clarence; and, as she was to inherit her father's immense estates, he thus seemed to have a sure hold on her husband. But the Duke appears to have regarded the marriage as offering him a prospect of the throne; so that the main cord between Clarence and Warwick was broken when the latter gave his second daughter to the son of Henry.

In October, 1470, Edward made his escape to the continent. The following March he returned, and in about a month was fought the battle of Barnet, where he recovered the throne in spite of Warwick, and therefore had a better chance of keeping it. For this success he was much indebted to the perfidy of Clarence, who, having raised a large body of men by commission from Henry, but with the secret purpose of using them for Edward, threw off the mask a few days before, openly renouncing his father-in-law, and rejoining his brother. The death of Warwick at the battle of Barnet left Edward little to fear; and his security was scarce disturbed by the arrival of Queen Margaret, on the very day of that battle, with aid from France; which aid, together with what remained of Henry's late army, was dispatched a few days after in the battle of Tewksbury.

As to the authorship of this dramatic series, perhaps enough was said in connection with the preceding play. But it may not be amiss to add that, if we study the three parts of *King Henry the Sixth* together with *King Richard the Third*, we shall find them all to be so connected that each earlier member of the series is a necessary introduction to the following, and each later one a necessary sequel to the preceding; that is to say, they will appear to be four plays only because too long to be one, or two, or three. So manifest and so perfect is the unity and continuity of plan, purpose, matter, action, interest, and characterization running through them, that, if they had all come down to us anonymous, we should naturally have assorted them together as the undoubted workmanship of one and the same hand. This argument for identity of authorship might be pursued to almost any length: but I could add but little to what has been presented by Mr. Grant White, and so must dismiss the subject by simply referring the curious or inquisitive reader to his able and interesting *Essay*.



KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.		Sir JOHN MORTIMER,	} Uncles to the Duke of York.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.		Sir HUGH MORTIMER,	
LOUIS XI., King of France.		HENRY TUDOR, Earl of Richmond,	
BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset,	} Lancastrians.	WOODVILLE, Earl Rivers.	
HOLLAND, Duke of Exeter,		Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.	
DE VERE, Earl of Oxford,		Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY.	
Earl of Northumberland,		Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.	
Earl of Westmoreland,		Lieutenant of the Tower.	
JOHN LORD CLIFFORD,		Mayor of York.	
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.		Tutor to Rutland. A Nobleman.	
EDWARD, Earl of March,	} his Sons.	Two Keepers. A Huntsman.	
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,		A Son that has killed his Father.	
GEORGE, and RICHARD,		A Father that has killed his Son.	
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk,	} Yorkists.	MARGARET, Queen to Henry VI.	
Marquess of Montague,		LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.	
NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick,		LADY BONA, Sister to the French Queen.	
HERBERT, Earl of Pembroke,			
WILLIAM LORD HASTINGS,			
LORD STAFFORD,			
Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.			

SCENE.—*During part of the third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK,

MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the King escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.¹

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. *[To YORK, showing his.]* And, brother,² here's the
Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

¹ The circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated in accordance with the facts, though in a manner very different from the representation given near the close of the preceding play. But discrepancies of this sort are so frequent and so glaring in these plays, that it seems hardly worth the while to note them in detail. — In the present scene, the author brings into close juxtaposition events that were in fact widely separated. The first battle of St. Alban's was fought May 22, 1455 ; and the Parliament of Westminster, represented in this scene, was opened October 7, 1460. In October, 1459, the Yorkists had been dispersed, and the duke himself with his son Edmund had fled to Ireland ; but they soon rallied again, and in July, 1460, a terrible battle was fought at Northampton, wherein the Yorkists were again victorious, and got the King into their hands, and compelled him soon after to call the Parliament in question.

² In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the author thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick ; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury. See volume viii. page 140, note 8.

Whom I encounter'd as the battles³ join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down SOMERSET'S head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons. —

What,

Is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. — Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the House of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful King,

And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll assist you ; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk : — stay by me, my lords ; —

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

York. The Queen, this day, here holds her Parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her Council :

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The Bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry⁴ deposed, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

³ The use of *battle* for *army* was very common.

⁴ *Henry* is here a trisyllable, as if spelt *Henery*. Repeatedly so in this play.

York. Then leave me not, my lords ; be resolute ;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.⁵
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares : —
Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[*WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. *Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.*

King. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! belike he means —
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer —
T' aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;
And thine, Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens be revenged on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford'mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :
My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it.

King. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he :
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin : be it so.

King. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

⁵ The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to *dare* the birds ; that is, to fright them from rising.

King. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-house !
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use. —

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceived ; I'm thine.

Exe. For shame, come down : he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.⁶

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford ; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

King. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so : content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster ; let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster :
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember't to my grief ;
And, by his soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

⁶ The earldom here intended was the earldom of March, which York inherited from his mother. His title to the crown was not as Duke of York, but as Earl of March ; and by naming this he covertly asserts his right to the crown.

Clif. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford ! how I scorn his worthless threats !

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York ;⁷
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March :
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

King. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I :
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, yet, methinks, you lose. —
Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. [*To YORK.*] Good brother, as thou lovest and
honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace !

North. Peace thou ! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first : hear him, lords ;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

King. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

⁷ His father was *not* Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even that title was forfeited, leaving the present duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the present King. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, "He *made* thee Duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy. See vol. viii. page 41, note 1.

No ; first shall war unpeople this my realm ;
Ay, and their colours — often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow —
Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

King. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say ; my title's weak. —
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

King. An if he may, then am I lawful king ;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No ; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

King. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

King. [*Aside.*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived : 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent —
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud —
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

King. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign the crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

King. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word :
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

King. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despised !

[Exeunt NORTHUMB., CLIFF., and WESTMORE.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

King. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may : — [*To YORK.*] I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry ! — Plantagenet, embrace him.

King. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes !

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.⁸

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK and his SONS, WARWICK, NORFOLK,
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

King. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the Court.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her
anger :

I'll steal away.

[*Going.*

King. So, Exeter, will I.

[*Going.*

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

Queen. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

⁸ Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

King. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father !
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus ?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king, why should not I succeed ?

King. Pardon me, Margaret ; — pardon me, sweet son :
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Queen. Enforced thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forced ?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time ?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas ;⁹

⁹ This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. This Thomas Neville, says Hall, was " a man of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.

The duke is made protector of the realm ;
And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour :
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of York.
Thus do I leave thee. — Come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

King. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your Grace : till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET and the Prince.*]

King. Poor Queen ! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will souse¹⁰ my crown, and like an empty eagle

¹⁰ To *souse* was a term in falconry, and was used of the swift plunge or rushing-down of a hawk or eagle upon its prey.

Tire¹¹ on the flesh of me and of my son !
 The loss of those three lords¹² torments my heart :
 I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair : —
 Come, cousin,¹³ you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield,
 in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife ?
 What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us, —
 The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy ? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

¹¹ To *tire* is to *tear*, to *feed* like a bird of prey ; from the Anglo-Saxon *tirian*. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis* :

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

¹² Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

¹³ Henry Holland, the present Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntington and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntington was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444, at the same time that Suffolk was made marquess. His grandfather, the first Earl of Huntingdon in that line, was half-brother to Richard II., being son to Joan the Fair Maid of Kent by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken :
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty¹ and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

¹ *Witty* here means *intelligent, sagacious, knowing*. The Poet often uses *wit* in the same sense.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay : what news?—Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The Queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend² here to besiege you in your castle :
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou that we
fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
You're come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need :
A woman's general ; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

Edw. I hear their drums : let's set our men in order,

² *Intend* is not strictly an instance of grammatical discord ; for *with* sometimes has the force of *and* in making a plural subject.

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty ! — though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one :

Why should I not now have the like success ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands ?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes ?

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away ! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursèd duke,
Whose ¹ father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him !

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man !

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now ! is he dead already ? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws ;²
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. —
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look !
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die !

¹ *Whose* refers to *brat*, not to *duke*.

² So Milton, in *Lycidas* : " Besides what the grim wolf with privy *paw*
daily devours apace,"

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath :
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accursèd line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore —

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death !
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.³

³ Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443 ; the battle of St. Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455 : at that time, therefore, Rutland was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The "one son" of the present Lord Clifford was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till king Henrie the Seventh obtained the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*, which closes thus :

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth ;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more ;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;
 Lest in revenge thereof, — sith God is just, —
 He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause !

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*

Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tunc !*⁴ [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field :
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.
 My sons, — God knows what hath bechancèd them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
 And thrice cried, *Courage, father ! fight it out !*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And, when the hardiest warriors did retire,

⁴ This scrap of Latin occurs in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*,

Richard cried, *Charge ! and give no foot of ground !*

Edward, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !

With this, we charged again : but, out, alas !

We bodged¹ again ; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury :

The sands are number'd that make up my life ;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end. —

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage :

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,

With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,

And made an evening at the noontide prick.²

York. My ashes, as the phoenix', may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all ;

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to Heaven,

¹ According to Richardson, to *bodge* and *botch* are but different forms of the same word, and are kindred in sense, if not in origin, with to *boggle*. So that the meaning here seems to be, "we made bungling work of it in our attempt to rally." So in Harrison's *Description of England*: "They wage one poor man or other to become a *bodger*, and thereto get him a license upon some new forged surmise."

² "Noontide prick" is the same as what the Poet elsewhere calls "the prick of noon"; that is, the *point* or *mark* on the dial or clock-face.

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breath out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle³ thee with blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize⁴ to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

³ To buckle is to encounter or to join in close fight.

⁴ Prize here is privilege. So in at least two other places.

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught⁵ at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —
What ! was it you that would be England's King ?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent ?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
Look, York : I stain'd this napkin⁶ with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York ;
Stamp, rave, and fret that I may sing and dance.
What ! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport :
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York ! — and, lords, bow low to him :
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sirs, now looks he like a king !

⁵ *Raught* is the old preterite of the verb to *reach*.

⁶ *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were used interchangeably.

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair ;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale ⁷ your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath ?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable ! —
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head ;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem ;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen ;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse' to death.

⁷ To *pale* is to *encircle* or *encompass*, as with *palings* ; here, of course, to *impale* with a crown.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small :
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired ;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis government⁸ that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable :
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
Thou stern, obdúrate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish ;
Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood :
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —
O, ten times more, — than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears :
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

⁸ *Government* here means *orderly behaviour, forbearance, self-control*. So in 1 *King Henry IV.*, iii. 1: "Defect of manners, want of *government*, pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain," &c.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*Giving back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, *Alas, it was a piteous deed !*

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;

[*Giving back the paper crown.*]

And in thy need such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand ! —

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world :

My soul to Heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee. [*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape. —
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about ;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;¹
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs, —
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies ;
So fled his enemies my warlike father :
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,

¹ *Neat* properly means *horned* cattle ; from a Saxon word signifying to *butt* or *strike with the horn*. Still used so in "*neat's-tallow*" and "*neat's-oil*."

And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun !²
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
Not separated with the racking³ clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.⁴

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,⁵
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

² Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the Sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

³ *Racking* is moving like vapour or smoke. The original of the word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds ; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 12 : " That, which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, iv. 2 : " Far swifter than the sailing *rack* that gallops upon the wings of angry winds."

⁴ The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day : " At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the earl of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogether in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight : and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightness for his badge or cognizance."

⁵ *Meed* formerly signified *merit* as well as *reward*, and is so explained by Cotgrave, Phillips, and others.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.—

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environèd he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy⁶
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain

⁶ "The hope of Troy" was Hector.

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee !—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest !
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy !

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sun :
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords ! What fare ? what news abroad ?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain !

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
'Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And, very well appointed,⁷ as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along ;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in Parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd and both sides fiercely fought :
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success ;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, *Blood and death*,
I cannot judge : but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight ;
Or like an idle thresher with a flail —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards :

⁷ *Well appointed* is well *equipped*, well *furnished*. Often so.

But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day ;
So that we fled ; the King unto the Queen ;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.⁸

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?
And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power ;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.⁹

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war

⁸ The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the King was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction ; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

⁹ This is slightly at variance with fact. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin. The author simply anticipates. In 1461, Philip the Good was Duke of Burgundy. Some six years later, Philip having died, Margaret, sister of King Edward, was married to Charles the Bold, son and successor to Philip.

As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick ; blame me not :
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done ?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?
If for the last, say *Ay*, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting Queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting King like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the Parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what besides
May make against the House of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via !* to London will we march amain ;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, *Charge ! upon our foes !*
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak :
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries *Retire*, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;

And, when thou fall'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George
for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it sorts,¹⁰ brave warriors: let's away.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Flourish. *Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

¹⁰ To *fit*, to *suit*, to *accord*, are among the old senses of to *sort*. Here the meaning is, it *falls out right*, or *answers to our wishes*.

King. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck :

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor willingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too-much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows :
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

*My careless father fondly*¹ *gave away?*

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring² arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?³
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to Hell?⁴
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. —

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage⁵ makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently. —

¹ *Fondly* is *foolishly*, the usual sense of *fond* in Shakespeare's time.

² *Inferring* in the Latin sense of *bringing forward* or *adducing*.

³ *Success* in the Latin sense of *sequel*, *consequence*, or *result*.

⁴ The King quotes two proverbs; the one, "Ill-gotten goods never prosper"; the other, "Happy the child whose father went to the Devil." This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as denying its truth. This interpretation sets his reasoning in character.

⁵ *Soft courage* sounds odd to us, and even self-contradictory. But it appears that *courage* was sometimes used in the sense of *heart*, *spirit*, *temper*. So that *soft courage* is here equivalent to *soft-heartedness*. So Spenser in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 5, 5:

Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment.

Edward, kneel down.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
And learn this lesson, — draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent⁶ to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him :
Darraign your battle,⁷ for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field :
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.⁸

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too ; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence :
Unsheathe your sword, good father ; cry, *Saint George !*

⁶ *Apparent* is here used substantively, for *heir-apparent*.

⁷ That is, *arrange, make ready, or embattle* your army. The word is much used by the old poets, especially Spenser. So in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 4, 40:

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to *darrayne*,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy ;
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine.

⁸ Happy was the queen in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises ; for where his person was present the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte. — HALL.

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry ! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head ;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Queen. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :
Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ? — O, I cannot speak ?

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.⁹

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown ?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick ! dare you
speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently. —

⁹ Sort for pack, set, or crew ; a frequent usage.

Break off the parle ; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-sworn heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father ; call'st thou him a child ?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere Sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me
speak.

Queen. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue :
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wounds that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words ; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :
By Him that made us all, I am resolved ¹⁰
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam ;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,¹¹
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,

¹⁰ *Resolved* here is *convinced* or *assured*. Often so.

¹¹ One whom nature has marked out for shame, or *stigmatized*. See
vol. viii. page 246, note 9.

Whose father bears the title of a king, —
 As if a channel ¹² should be call'd the sea, —
 Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,¹³
 To let the tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw¹⁴ were worth a thousand crowns,
 To make this shameless callet know herself. —
 Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 Although thy husband may be Menelaus;¹⁵
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 By that false woman as this King by thee.
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tamed the King, and made the Dauphin stoop;
 And, had he match'd according to his State,
 He might have kept that glory to this day;
 But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
 And we, in pity of the gentle King,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy Spring,
 And that thy Summer bred us no increase,

¹² *Channel* in the Poet's time was used for *kennel*; that is, *ditch* or *gutter*.
 See vol. viii. page 211, note 10.

¹³ *Extraught* for *extracted*. *Detect* in the next line is used in its original sense of *uncover* or *disclose*.

¹⁴ *A wisp of straw* was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offender: even showing it to a woman was therefore considered as a grievous affront. A *callet* was a lewd wanton; but the term was often given to a *scold*.

¹⁵ That is, a cuckold. In *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1, Thersites, speaking of Menelaus, calls him "the primitive statue and antique memorial of cuckolds."

We set the axe to thy usurping root ;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speak. —
Sound trumpets ! — let our bloody colours wave ! —
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangiing woman, we'll no longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.— *A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton,
in Yorkshire.*

Alarums : excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and Edward's Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord ? what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us :
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight ; they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood :
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
And look upon,¹ as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.²

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine ;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine ! —
And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

¹ *Look upon* is here equivalent to *stand and look on* ; that is, be *spectators*.

² When the earle of Warwicke was informed hereof, like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to king Edward, saieng, " Sir, I praie God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives." With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, " Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me " ; and kissed the crosse of his sword, as it were for a vow to the promise. — HOLINSHED.

Thou Setter-up and Plucker-down of kings ;
 Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that Thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul ! —
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where'er it be, in Heaven or in Earth.³

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; — and, gentle Warwick,
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
 That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;
 And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors ware⁴ at the Olympian games :
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
 For yet is hope of life and victory.
 Forslow⁵ no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

³ Such was the language of the time. So in St. Matthew, vi. 10: "Thy will be done *in* Earth as it is in Heaven."

⁴ *Ware* is the old preterite of *wear*, as *bare* is of *bear*.

⁵ To *forslow* is to *delay*, to *loiter*. So in Holland's *Livy*: "The consull for his part *forslowed* not to come to hand-fight, the onely thing he sought for in threatening to give assault."

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself ;
 And so, have at thee !

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters* ; CLIFFORD *flies*.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;¹
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,²
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
 Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
 Now one the better, then another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd :
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.³
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

¹ Chase for game ; the object chased.

² This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do. See vol. ii. page 156, note 17.

³ So in Holinshed : " This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;⁴
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly,⁵ point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

⁴ This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. — JOHNSON.

⁵ *Quaintly* is *curiously, ingeniously, or artfully*.

Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarums. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, bringing
in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with some store of crowns ;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this?—O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !
From London by the King was I press'd forth ;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,

Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.⁶

Enter a Father who has killed his Son, bringing in the dead body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see : is this a foeman's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye ! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !—
O, pity, God, this miserable age !—
What stratagems,⁷ how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !⁸

⁶ Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right : "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war ; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves."—These instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of the civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton : "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

⁷ *Stratagems* here means *calamities* or *direful events*.

⁸ These two lines have puzzled the commentators a good deal, and are indeed very obscure. I suspect that "too soon" here means too *gladly* or too *willingly*, a sense that *soon* may very well bear. As to the phrase "too late," we have a like use of it in *King Richard III.*, iii. 1, where the Prince, referring to his father, says, "Too late he died that might have kept that title." Here the meaning is commonly, and no doubt rightly, explained to

King. Woe above woe ! grief more than common grief !
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds !—
O, pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity !—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving Houses :
The one his purple blood right well resembles ;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth :⁹
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

King. How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink¹⁰ the King, and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ?

King. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go ;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
And so obsequious¹¹ will thy father be,

be, " too *recently* not to be a source of grief to us." So, in the text, it seems to me that " too *late* " may well be taken in the sense of too *recently*. The two phrases being thus construed, the meaning of the whole comes out something thus : " Thy father gave thee life too willingly, and his taking of thy life is now too recent in his sense of the calamity."

⁹ *Presenteth* in the sense of *representeth*. Repeatedly so.

¹⁰ *Misthink* is *think ill of* or *blame*.

¹¹ *Obsequious* here has the sense of *obsequies* ; *full of mournful thoughts*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2 : " And the survivor bound to do *obsequious* sorrow."

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

King. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums : excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends have fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post
amain :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
Or else come after : I'll away before.

King. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter :
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward ; away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Another Part of the Field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, — ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul !

My love and fear glued many friends to thee ;
And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York :
The common people swarm like summer flies ;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the Earth !
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of York,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths ;¹
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
And at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint. —
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
I stabb'd your father's bosoms ; split my breast. [Faints.

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords : good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks. —
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,

¹ That is, "no *widows mourning* for our deaths." Shakespeare has many such inversions, sometimes too, as here, without any help to the verse. So a little further on: "Bring forth that *fatal screech-owl* to our House."

That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.—
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape ;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and breath departing.

Edw. See who it is ; and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
Did set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring ;
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there ;
Instead whereof let his supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answer'd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Soldiers *bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth :
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which² in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager³ words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland ; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford : swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath. —

I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

I'd chop it off ; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanchèd thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands. —

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crownèd England's royal King.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen :

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again ;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.

² The relatives *which*, *as*, and *that* were often used indiscriminately, and Shakespeare has many instances of such use.

³ *Eager* is *sharp*, *acid*, *biting*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 4 : " It is a nipping and an eager air."

First will I see thy coronation ;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be ;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster ; —
And George, of Clarence : — Warwick, 'as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster ;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.⁴

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation :
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves ;

⁴ Holinshed, after Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this duke Humfrie ; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them king Richard the third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horssse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

For through this laund¹ anon the deer will come ;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,²
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man ; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.*³

King. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine ;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed :
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

¹ *Laund* is open ground between two woods ; a *lawn*.

² This mode of speech was not uncommon ; meaning, of course, "that the time may not seem tedious." So, again, in the next scene : "*For I should not deal in her soft laws.*"

³ The Poet here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and Prince to France. In October, 1463, she returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow, the King escaped a second time into Scotland ; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this scene. Such, at least, is the account delivered by Hall and Holinshed,

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee :
This is the *quondam* King ; let's seize upon him.

King. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity ;
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

King. My Queen and son are gone to France for aid ;
And, as I hear, the great-commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French King's sister
To wife for Edward : if this news be true,
Poor Queen and son, your labour is but lost ;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him ;
For she's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn ;
And Nero would be tainted with remorse,⁴
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed ;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd :
That ⁵ she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth ⁶ arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,

⁴ "*Tainted with remorse*" is touched with pity or compassion. *Remorse* was continually used thus ; and for a like use of *taint* see vol. viii. page 102, note II. — "*To hear and see*" is equivalent to *at hearing* and *seeing*.

⁵ *That* has here the force of *so that*, or *inasmuch that*. Often so.

⁶ *Infer*, again, in the sense of *adduce*. See page 39, note 2.

With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn !

2 Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens ?

King. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :
A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King. Why, so I am — in mind ; and that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content, —
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us ; for, as we think,
You are the King King Edward hath deposed ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

King. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

King. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father and my grandfather were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

King. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear !

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust ;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded ;
And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

I Keep. We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

King. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

King. In God's name, lead ; your King's name be obey'd :
And what God will, that let your King perform ;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the House of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.¹

¹ This seems a needless departure from fact. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of Saint Alban's, fighting on King Henry's side ; and his lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in that battle, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *King Richard III.*, i. 3 :

Glos. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] Yea, is it so ?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOS.*] He knows the game : how true
he keeps the wind !

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May't please your Highness to resolve ² me now ;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glos. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your
lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOS.*] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] God forbid that ! for he'll take
vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOS.*] I think he means to beg a child
of her.

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] Nay, whip me, then ; he'll rather
give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glos. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

In all which time, you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the House of Lancaster ; —
And, Rivers, so were you. — Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?

² *Resolve* here means *satisfy, assure, relieve from doubt.* Often so.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it,³ then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

Glos. [*Aside.*] Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*Retires with* CLARENCE.]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glos. [*Aside to* CLAR.] He plies her hard ; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOS.] As red as fire ! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear my task ?

K. Edw. An easy task ; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

³ Here *it* is probably to be understood as referring to *her suit*.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] The match is made ; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee ; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers ;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim⁴ aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's
lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit :
Please you dismiss me, either with *ay* or *no*.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say *ay* to my request ;
No, if thou dost say *no* to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glos. [*Aside to CLAR.*] The widow likes him not, she knits
her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOS.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

⁴ The use of *aim* for *guess* was very common.

K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;

Her words do show her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty :
One way or other, she is for a king ;
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen. —
Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow : I did mean, my Queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's Mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glos. [Aside to CLAR.] The ghostly father now hath done
his shrift.

Clar. [Aside to GLOS.] When he was made a shriver, 'twas
for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glos. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glos. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glos. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.⁵

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower :—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along :—lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but GLOSTER.]

Glos. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

⁵ The first meeting of Edward with the Lady Elizabeth is thus related in the *Chronicles* : "The king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to sir Richard Woodville lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hers, called the ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the king for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the kings affections, that he not onelie favoured her sute, but more hir person. For, with her sober demeanour, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so allured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."

And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory ,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it ;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard ;
What other pleasure can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp⁶

⁶ It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. — JOHNSON.

That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,⁷
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my head, that this mis-shapèd trunk bears,
Be round impalèd⁸ with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out —
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry *content* to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;⁹
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;

⁷ Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. — JOHNSON.

⁸ *Impalèd* is *encircled*. See page 27, note 7.

⁹ For the supposed power of the *basilisk* see vol. viii. page 193, note 1.

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
I can add colours to the chameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages ;
And set the murderous Machiavel¹⁰ to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut, were it further off, I'd pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III. — *France. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LOUIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lou. [Rising.] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty King of France : now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's Queen in former golden days :
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.

K. Lou. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair ?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side : [Seats her by him.
yield not thy neck

¹⁰ Here we have Richard referring to Machiavel a long time before Machiavel was born. But Shakespeare never scruples such anachronisms ; and in his time Machiavel was a common paragon of political craft.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful King.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, —
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir, —
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lou. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Queen. The Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to
France? [*Descending from his state.* *Queen*

MARGARET rises.

Queen. [*Aside.*] Ah, now begins a second storm to rise ;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowèd friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeignèd love, —
First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
And then to crave a league of amity ;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's King in lawful marriage.

Queen. [*Aside.*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is
done.

War. [*To BONA.*] And, gracious madam, in our King's
behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. King Louis, — and Lady Bona, — hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity ;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still ; but, were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour ;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conqueréd all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But, for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore-and-two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty-and-six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler¹ falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame ! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? and, more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.

War. And I the House of York.

K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

¹ To *buckler* is to *shield*, to *defend*. See vol. viii. page 199, note 11.

Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised. —
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit :
Before thy coming, Louis was Henry's friend.

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But, if your title to the crown be weak, —
As may appear by Edward's good success, —
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promiséd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you ;⁵
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick ! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance⁶ and thy lord's false love ;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*To WAR.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,

⁵ Ironical, perhaps ; as the poverty of Margaret's father was a frequent theme of reproach.

⁶ *Conveyance* was used for any *crafty artifice*. See vol. iv. page 179, note 21.

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague : —

[To LOUIS.] These from our King unto your Majesty : —

[To MARGARET.] And, madam, these for you ; from whom
I know not. [They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled :
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news? — and yours, fair
Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd⁷ joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What ! has your King married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe⁸ your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the House of York
My father came untimely to his death?⁹
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?¹⁰

⁷ *Unhop'd* here means *unexpected*. So, to *hope* is still sometimes used in the sense of to *expect*.

⁸ To *allay*, to *ease off*, to *stroke down*, are among the old senses of to *soothe*.

⁹ Not so: Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.

¹⁰ King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was

Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd ¹¹ at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry. —
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renownèd Prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward. — HOLINSHED.

¹¹ *Guerdon'd* is rewarded, recompensed.

K. Lou. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's :
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride :
Thou see'st what's past ; go fear ¹² thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

[*Giving a purse.*] There's thy reward : be gone. [*Exit Mess.*]

K. Lou. But, Warwick, thou
Thyself and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle ;
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt, —
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That, if our Queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter ¹³ and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion. —

¹² To *fear* used transitively; to *frighten* or *make* afraid. See vol. ii. page 169, note 22, and vol. vi. page 149, note 2.

¹³ This is a departure from history, for Edward Prince of Wales was married to Anne, *second* daughter of the Earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his *eldest* daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistency in the present proposal, for at the time represented neither of Warwick's daughters was married.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous ;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*Gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lou. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall be levied ;
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High-Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet. —
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale¹⁴ but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.¹⁵

[*Exit.*

¹⁴ *Stale* was much used for a *lure*, *pretence*, or *decoy*; as in a passage of Sidney's: "One bird caught served as a *stale* to bring in more." "It was also used in a sense nearly the same as *laughing-stock*, which appears to be the sense here. See vol. vii. page 87, note 40, and vol. ii. page 154, note 9.

¹⁵ The part which Warwick is made to act in this scene, though amply justified by the *Chronicles*, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The King was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the Fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the king-maker so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as hath been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, *and* MONTAGUE.

Glos. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France ;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the King.

Glos. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. *Enter King* EDWARD, *attended ; Lady* GREY, *as Queen ;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, *and* HASTINGS.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Louis of France or th' Earl of Warwick ;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick : I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glos. Ay, and shall have your will, because our King :
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glos. Not I :
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together ; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's Queen :—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion, that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glos. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonour'd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes ; but the safer when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France :
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves ;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant ;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glos. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride ;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence :
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,¹
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent ? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf ;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent ;²
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns :

¹ Minors coming into the possession of large estates were formerly in the wardship of the King, who had the prerogative of bestowing them in marriage. This power was sometimes grossly abused, especially in the case of females, who were given up to the King's favourites to be plundered, and afterwards disposed of in marriage at the King's pleasure. — The advancement of Lady Grey's family on her becoming queen is thus mentioned by Holinshed : " Hir father was created erle Rivers, and made high constable of England : her brother, lord Antonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas lord Scales : sir Thomas Graie, sonne to sir John Graie, the queens first husband, was created marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the lord Bonville." In fact, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the Spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at Court and crowned.

² Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers ; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glos. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
*Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.*

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
*Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.*

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's Queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.³

Mess. *Tell him, quoth she, my mourning-weeds are done,*⁴

³ *In place* was a common phrase, equivalent to *present*.

⁴ Meaning, simply, "my mourning garments are laid aside."

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words :
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they're so link'd in friend-
ship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself. —
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.]

Glos. [Aside.] Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;
And haste is needful in this desperate case. —
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or quickly will be landed :
Myself in person will straight follow you. —

[Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance :
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
If it be so, then both depart to him ;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends :
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glos. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so ? then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *A Plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people swarm to us by numbers.
But see where Somerset and Clarence come ! —

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly,¹ my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ; —
And welcome, Somerset : — I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feign'd friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.

¹ *Suddenly* here means *quickly*.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, —
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, —
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;²
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him. —
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry* Henry !

Why, then let's on our way in silent sort :

For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — EDWARD'S *Camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand :
The King, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed ?

1 *Watch.* Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

² It had been announced as a decree of fate, that Troy could never be taken, if the snow-white horses of Rhesus should once drink of the Xanthus and eat the grass of the Trojan plain. So, as soon as Rhesus had reached the Trojan territory and pitched his tents, late at night, Ulysses and Diomedes stole into his camp, killed Rhesus himself, and carried off the steeds.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay, but give me worship and quietness ;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted¹ he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch*. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent ; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters ! honour now or never !
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest !

[WARWICK *and the rest cry*, Warwick ! Warwick !
and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arm ! arm ! WARWICK *and the rest following them*.]

Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOSTER and HASTINGS are seen flying.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings : let them go ; here's the duke.

¹ *Doubted* in the sense of *feared* or *apprehended*. Often so.

K. Edw. The duke ! Why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd :
When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come to new-create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors ;
Nor how to be contented with one wife ;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly ;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare ;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too ?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down. —
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind,² be Edward England's King :
[*Takes off his crown.*]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed ; thou but the shadow. —
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Louis and the Lady Boña send to him. —
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit, led out ; SOMERSET with him.*]

² That is, *mentally*, or as regards his own mind.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do ;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

SCENE IV. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares :
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief ;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may :
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
This 'tis that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,¹
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

¹ It was an old notion that *sighing* consumed the blood.

King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?

Q. Eliz. I am informèd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head :
Guess thou the rest ; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —
For trust not him that hath once broken faith, —
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right :
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly :
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

Glos. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case : You know our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty ;
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man : see where the huntsmen
stand. —

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glos. Brother, the time and case requireth haste :
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence to Flanders.

K. Edw. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my
meaning.¹—

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glos. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou go along ?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glos. Come, then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's
frown ;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young
RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower,
and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant ? for well-using me ?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness.

¹ *Meaning in the sense of purpose or intention.*

For that it made my prisonment a pleasure ;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty. —
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been famed for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :¹
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudget an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands :
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government :
I make you both protectors of this land ;
While I myself will lead a private life,

¹ The meaning is, few men accommodate themselves to their destiny.

And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat — for I command no more —
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.²

² This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers. The occasion was this: The young earl's uncle, Jasper Tudor, brought his nephew to London, and introduced him to King Henry, soon after the latter was released from the Tower; "whome," says Holinshed, "when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, 'Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.' So that it might seeme probable, by the coherence of holie Henries prediction with the issue falling out in truth, that for the time he

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. — [*Lays his hand on his head.*] — If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by Nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lord ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend ?

Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news ! but how made he escape ?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him³
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsman rescued him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge. —
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's ;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.

was indued with a prophetically spirit." It is said that after the Earl became King Henry VII., in gratitude for this early presage he solicited the Pope to enroll Henry VI. among the saints of the Church ; but was refused, lest, " as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not distance kept between innocents and saints."

³ " *Attended him* " here means *waited for him*. See vol. v. 208, note 16.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
'Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *Before York.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the
rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What, then, remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven 'fore the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glos. The gates made fast ! — Brother, I like not this ;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright
us :
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glos. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his
nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates ; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*]

Glos. A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded !

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him ;¹ but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.

What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys ;

[*Takes his keys.*]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

¹ Provided it were not *by means of him*. *Along of* is an old phrase meaning the same as *because of*.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.

Glos. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in
arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glos. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glos. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;²
The bruit³ thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

² *Out of hand* is forthwith, immediately.

³ *The bruit* is the noising-abroad, the report.

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet ; Edward shall be here proclaim'd : —
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [Reads.] *Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And, whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery ; — and thanks unto
you all :

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York ;

And, when the morning Sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates ;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier. —

Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick. —

Come on, brave soldiers : doubt not of the day ;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With lusty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
Which, being suffer'd,¹ rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
Those will I muster up : — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee : —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st : —
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs, —
Shall rest in London till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate !

Mont. Comfort, my lord ; — and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] And thus I seal my truth,
and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

¹ *Suffer'd* here means *permitted, given way to.*

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt² is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed³ hath got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their bitter-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, A York! A York!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us King of England. —
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb. —
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. —

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

Glos. Away betimes, before his forces join,

² The *doubt* is the *fear*. So the verb, not long before. See page 85, note 1.

³ *Meed*, again, in the sense of *merit*. See page 31, note 5.

And take the great-grown traitor unawares : —
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry :
The Sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting Winter mars our hoped-for hay.⁴ [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Coventry.*

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford? —
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow? .

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague? —
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand ; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam lies :
The drum your Honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[*Enters the city.*

⁴ Alluding to the proverb, " Make hay while the Sun shines."

March : flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glos. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall !

War. O unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair ?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy ?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent ?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glos. I thought, at least, he would have said the King ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glos. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give :
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.¹

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off ?

Glos. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

¹ That is, enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us that *servitium* is "that service which the tenant by reason of his fee oweth unto his lord."

The King was slily finger'd from the deck!²
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,³
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glos. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when!⁴ strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

Glos. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

² A *pack* of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a pair of cards. An instance of a pack of cards being called a *deck* occurs in the Sessions Paper for January, 1788. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.

³ The palace of the Bishop of London is the place meant.

⁴ *When!* was a common exclamation of impatience. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1: "*When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what, Lucius!*"

Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster !

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

Glos. Thou and thy brother both shall 'by⁵ this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory :
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster !

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

Glos. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,⁶
Have sold their lives unto the House of York ;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love ! —
Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?

[Taking the red rose out of his hat.]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee :

⁵ *Aby* or *'by* is an old form of *abide*, meaning to *suffer*, *answer*, or *pay for*. See vol. iii. page 54, note 17, and page 64, note 40.

⁶ Edmund Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, was slain in the first battle of Saint Alban's, May 22, 1455. Henry, his oldest son, the Somerset of the present play, was taken and beheaded at Hexam, April 25, 1464. He was succeeded in the dukedom by his brother Edmund, who, having fled to sanctuary after the battle of Tewksbury, was seized and put to execution, May 6, 1471. The Poet here refers to the two former as having already fallen, though he continues the second till the death of the third, or at least does not distinguish between them.

I will not ruinate my father's House,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,⁷ unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath :
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe ;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee, —
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad, —
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. —
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends ; —
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more and ten times more beloved
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glos. Welcome, good Clarence ; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust !

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence !

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
way. —

⁷ *Blunt*, in Shakespeare, sometimes means *rough*, *rude*, or reckless of common civilities and the claims of kindred.

Lords, to the field ; Saint George and victory !

[*Exeunt King EDWARD and his Company, marching. WARWICK and his Company descend from the walls, and follow them.*]

SCENE II. — *A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarums and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there : die thou, and die our fear ;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd ¹ us all. —
Now, Montague, sit fast ; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh ? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?
Why ask I that ? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,²
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from Winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;

¹ That is, a *bugbear* or *goblin* that *scared* or *frightened*. See vol. ii. page 169, note 22, and vol. vii. page 190, note 9.

² "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did ail the beasts of the field bring forth their young." — *Ezekiel* xxxi. 6.

For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.³

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, *Commend me to my valiant brother.*
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,⁴

³ The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The *Chronicles* relate that "the earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies stricken downe and slaine."

⁴ "The indistinct gabble of undertakers," says Steevens, "while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice; it has too often forced itself on mine."

That might not be distinguish'd ; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick !

War. Sweet rest his soul ! — Fly, lords, and save yourselves ;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power !
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph ; with CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,¹
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glos. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends

¹ *Arrive* is here used as a transitive verb. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 : "Ere we could *arrive* the point proposed." Nor is the usage peculiar to Shakespeare. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 410 : "Ere he *arrive* the happy isle."

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids² way ;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along. —
Strike up the drum ; cry, *Courage !* and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Plains near Tewksbury.*

March. *Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still : is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ?
These friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep ;

² A rather peculiar use of *rids*, but meaning *dispatches*.

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, — alas, 'tis but awhile !
Tread on the sand, — why, there you quickly sink ;
Bestride the rock, — the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish ; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here ;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes ;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, — as God forbid ! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame. —
O brave young Prince ! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords ; for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived ; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle ; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the Heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both armies.]

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Same.*

Alarums : excursions : and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces ; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle¹ straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.²
Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glos. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes !

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ? —
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

¹ A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.

² The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary, and beheaded. The Queen and Prince had been in France some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are told that, when she got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken : she sank to the ground in despair ; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glos. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop³ fable in a Winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glos. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glos. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, — and thou, perjured George, —
And thou, mis-shapen Dick, — I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are; —
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

Glos. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.⁴

[*Stabs him.*

³ He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person, which afterwards makes him "descant on his own deformity."

⁴ Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453, and so was in his eighteenth year when killed. The *Chronicles* give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring forth prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuities of a

Q. Mar. O, kill me too !

Glos. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold ; for we have done too much.

Glos. Why should she live, to fill the world with words ?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon ? use means for her recovery.

Glos. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother ;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter :

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What ? what ?

Glos. The Tower, the Tower ! [*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned ! speak to thy mother, boy !
Canst thou not speak ? — O traitors ! murderers ! —

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it :

He was a man ; this, in respect,⁵ a child ;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak :

hundred pounds during his life, and the princes life be saved, if he were brought forth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the kings promise, brought forth his prisoner prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman ; whom when king Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the prince boldlie answered, saing, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words king Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet ; whome, incontinentlie, George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie marquesse Dorcet, and William lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murdered ; for the which cruell act the more part of the dooers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

⁵ *In respect*, here, is *in comparison*. Repeatedly so. See vol. iv. page 212, note 3.

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. —
Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !
You have no children, butchers ! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse :⁶
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid⁷ this sweet young Prince !

K. Edw. Away with her ; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here ;
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death :
What, wilt thou not ? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou
do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not ? — Where is that devil-butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard ? — Richard, where art thou,
Thou art not here ?⁸ murder is thy alms-deed ;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince !

[*Exit, led out.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence : discharge the common sort

⁶ Here, again, *remorse* is *pity* or *compassion*.

⁷ To *rid* was sometimes used for to *destroy*, to *make away with*. See vol. vii. page 32, note 83.

⁸ That is, "where art thou, *that* thou art not here ?"

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
 And see our gentle Queen how well she fares ;
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. — *London. A Room in the Tower.*

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord :—my lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter ; *good* was little better :

Good Gloster and *good Devil* were alike,

And both preposterous ; therefore, not *good lord*.

Glos. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.

[*Exit* Lieutenant.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf ;
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glos. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,¹
 Have now the fatal object in my eye
 Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish² fool was that of Crete,
 That taught his son the office of a fowl !
 And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.

¹ *Male* is here used in an uncommon sense ; for the *male parent*, the father. The "sweet bird" is evidently his son, Prince Edward.

² *Peevish* was continually used for *silly* or *stupid*.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
The Sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words !
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come ? is't for my life ?

Glos. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art :
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glos. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel³ of my fear, —
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death, —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, — an evil sign ;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees ;
The raven rook'd⁴ her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
An indigested and deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

³ That is, who *suspect* no part of what my fears *presage*.

⁴ To *rook* or to *ruck* is an old word meaning about the same as to *roost* ; to *squat down*, as on a *nest* or place of roosting.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world :
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest —

Glos. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech :

[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [*Dies.*

Glos. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor King's death !
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our House ! —
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell ; and say I sent thee thither,

[*Stabs him again.*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. —

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say

I came into the world with my legs forward :

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,

O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !

And so I was ; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the Heavens have shaped my body so,

Let Hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ;

And this word *love*, which greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me : I am myself alone. —

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light :

But I will sort a pitchy day⁵ for thee ;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone :
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.⁶

[*Exit with the body.*]

SCENE VII. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne ;
Queen ELIZABETH, a Nurse with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to Autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride !
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and redoubted champions ;

⁵ To *sort* here means to *select, pick out*. *Pitchy* is *dismal, dark* ; a day black with fate.

⁶ The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death : " Here is to be remembered, that poore king Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran ; who, to the intent that his brother king Edward might reigne in more suretie, murdered the said king Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of Yorke, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentieth of Maie."

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;
And two Northumberlands, — two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound ;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security. —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. —
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the Winter's night ;
Went all afoot in Summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace :
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glos. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid ;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave ;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back : —
Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.¹

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen ;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.

Glos. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his Master,
And cried, *All hail!* whenas he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,

¹ Is it to be understood that, in saying "Work thou the way," the speaker touches his head, and then looks at his hand, which he addresses, "thou shalt execute."

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound drums and trumpets ! farewell sour annoy !
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 8. *Is either slain or wounded* dangerously. — So the original play. The folio has *dangerous*.

P. 9. *Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.* —

What,

Is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? — So the original play. The folio has *But* instead of *What*.

P. 9. *Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!*

Rich. *Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.* — In the first of these lines, the old text has *hope* instead of *hap*; the former having doubtless crept in from the line below. Corrected by Dyce. Capell changed *hope* to *end*.

P. 10. *Patience is for poltroons, and such is he.* — So the second folio. The first has "Poultroones, such as he." Walker would complete the verse by taking *Patience* as a trisyllable, and accenting *poltroons* on the first syllable.

P. 10. Exe. *But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.* — The old text assigns this speech to Westmoreland; but the next speech shows that it belongs to Exeter. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 11. *I am thy sovereign.*

York

Thou'rt deceived; *I'm thine.* — So the original play. The folio lacks the words *Thou'rt deceived*.

P. 11. *True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.* — The original omits *and*; doubtless by accident.

P. 11. No, *Warwick, I remember't to my grief.* — So the original play. Instead of *No*, the folio has *Yes*, which the context shows to be wrong.

P. 12. Thy *father was, as thou art, Duke of York.* — The folio has "*My father*"; an obvious error. Corrected from the original play.

P. 12. *You're old enough now, yet, methinks, you lose.* —

Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head. — The old text has "*And yet me thinkes you loose.*" Also, "*Father teare the Crowne.*" The correction is Hanmer's.

P. 12. North. *Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.* — So the quarto. The folio assigns this speech to the King. As Lettson observes, "This interruption is quite out of character in Henry's mouth."

P. 13. But *prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.* — So the second folio. The first lacks *But*.

P. 14. *Henry of Lancaster, resign the crown.* — The old text has "*resigne thy Crowne.*" We have many instances of *the* and *thy* misprinted for each other.

P. 14. *My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.* — The folio omits *me*, which is found in the corresponding passage of the quarto.

P. 15. War. *Why should you sigh, my lord?*

King. *Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son, &c.* — Upon this, Lettson notes, "Read *Plantagenet*. The words above, 'Why should you sigh, my lord?' belong to York, not to Warwick." As most of the speech is clearly addressed to York, and as the old text has nothing to mark a change of address, I have little doubt that Lettson is right.

P. 15. *Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger:*

I'll steal away.

King. So, Exeter, *will I.* — So Pope. The old text reads "*Exeter so will I.*"

P. 16. *Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father.*—This unmetrical line jars badly. It might be rendered metrical by transposition, though it would be an Alexandrine, thus: "Seeing thou hast proved a father so unnatural." But the play has many lines that can hardly be reduced into any thing like rhythmical order. So with two lines together a little before:

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility, &c.

P. 17. *When I return with victory from the field.*—So the quarto and the second folio. The first folio has *to* instead of *from*.

P. 17. *Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will souse my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!*—The old text has "Will *cost* my Crowne." The word *cost* has no sort of fitness to the context. Warburton proposed *coast*, which is little if any better. Dyce suggests *souse*, which was a well-known term in falconry, and which accords well with the context. See foot-note 10.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 19. *Thou, Richard, shall unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.*—

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham, &c.—In the first of these lines, the old text has *to* instead of *unto*; and, in the third, it omits *of*, which was inserted by Hanmer.

P. 19. *Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*—So Capell. The old text lacks *and*.

P. 21. *I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.*—The old text has *uncle* instead of *uncles*. But there can be no doubt that York here addresses both of the Mortimers, and he has just before called them "mine uncles."

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 24. *And, when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, Charge! and give no foot of ground!
Edward, A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !

With this, we charged again : but, out, alas !

We bodged again ; &c. — In the third of these lines, the old text has *And cried* instead of *Edward*, which is the reading suggested by Lettsom. Collier's second folio substitutes "*Ned cried*" for "*And cried*." Lettsom remarks that, "at any rate, the folio reading is corrupt"; and the Cambridge editors think that a line, referring to Edward, is lost between the second and the third. — In the last line, Johnson and Malone thought we should read *budged* instead of *bodged*, and so White prints. To *budge* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of to *fall back* or *retire* ; and, as this sense accords well with the context, and makes a fitting antithesis to *charged*, there is certainly no little reason for the change. See, however, foot-note 1.

P. 25. *I will not bandy with thee word for word,*

But buckle thee with blows, twice two for one. — The folio reads "*But buckler with thee blowes*." The correction *buckle* is from the original play, and gives a fitting sense. I transpose *with* and *thee*, because I do not understand the meaning of "*buckle with thee blows*." See foot-note 3.

P. 26. *I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York ;*

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance. — So the quarto. The folio places the second of these lines further on in the speech, after the line, "*And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus*."

P. 26. *Ay, marry, sirs, now looks he like a king.* — The old text has *sir* instead of *sirs*. As the Queen is evidently addressing both Clifford and Northumberland, I have no scruple in reading *sirs*, with Lettsom.

P. 27. *To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,*

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert not shameless. — So Walker. The old text reads "*wert thou not shamelesse*."

P. 28. *Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so*

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears. — So the Cambridge Editors. The original has *passions* moves.

P. 28. *That face of his the hungry cannibals,*
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood :
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —

O, ten times more, — than tigers of Hyrcania. — There is something wrong here, and probably the text is corrupt. Some of the difficulty might be removed by transposing the second line, thus: "Would not have stain'd with blood, would not have touch'd." As it stands, the language comes pretty near being absurd. In the first folio, the first two lines are printed thus:

That Face of his,
 The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
 Would not have stayn'd with blood.

In the second folio, the last line is mended thus: "Would not have stayn'd *the roses just* with blood"; and this, in turn, is mended by Collier's old corrector, thus: "Would not have stayn'd *the rose's hues* with blood." Walker conjectures the author to have written as follows:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd ; *those roses, new in bloom,*
The mountain beasts would not have stain'd with blood.

And he observes that, in this case, "*tigers of Hyrcania* would have something to refer to. 'The Cannibals' as designating a particular nation ; the man-eating Indians specifically."

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 30. *Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.* — So the folio. The quarto has *pride* instead of *prize*. Walker notes, "If I were to change at all, I should prefer *praise*."

P. 34. *Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,*
And, very well-appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's & intercept the Queen. — So the quarto. The folio omits the second line ; probably by accident, as the line is fairly needful to the sense.

P. 34. *Their weapons like to lightning came and went ;*
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. — So the quarto. The folio has "like a *lazier* Thresher."

P. 35. *Some six miles off the duke is with his power ;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.* — So the quarto. The folio, in the first of these lines, has “with the soldiers.”

P. 36. *Why, Via ! to London will we march* again. — The folio, omits *again*, which is supplied from the quarto.

P. 37. *Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean ;
And, when thou fall'st, — as God forbid the hour ! —
Must Edward fall.* — The folio has “when thou *failest*”; the quarto, “when thou *faint'st*.” Corrected by Steevens. We have *faile* misprinted for *fall* in the preceding play. See note on “We John Cade,” &c., vol. viii. page 262.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 38. *Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor willingly have I infringed my vow.* — So Walker. The old text has *wittingly*, an easy misprint for *willingly*.

P. 38. *Even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight.* — The folio has *with* instead of *in* ; the former having doubtless crept in from the line above. Corrected from the quarto.

P. 41. *I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent :
Since when, his oath is broke ;* &c. — The first folio gives the last of these lines, and also the rest of the speech, to Clarence. The whole speech clearly belongs to Edward. Corrected in the second.

P. 42. *Break off the parle ; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.* — In the first of these lines, the folio has *parley* instead of *parle*, and also lacks *there* in the third. The latter correction is from the quarto.

P. 42. *My liege, the wounds that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words.* — So Walker. The old text has *wound* instead of *wounds*.

P. 42. Rich. *Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands.* — So the quarto. The folio gives this speech to Warwick.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 48. *So many months ere I shall shear the fleece :*

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months, and years, &c. — In the first of these lines, the old text has *yeares* instead of *months*, and in the second line omits *weeks, and*. Rowe substituted *months* and inserted *weeks, and*; the former correction is also made in Collier's second folio.

P. 50. *But let me see : is this a foeman's face ?*

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son ! — So Collier's second folio. The old text reads "is this *our* Foe-mans face ?"

P. 52. *And so obsequious will thy father be,
E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,*

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. — The old text reads "*Men* for the loss of thee." Capell printed "*Even* for the loss of thee"; Collier's second folio has "*E'en* for the loss of thee"; and Dyce conjectured the same, without knowing of Capell's reading, and before the discovery of Collier's second folio.

ACT II., SCENE 6.

P. 53. *My love and fear glued many friends to thee ;*

*And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York :
The common people swarm like summer flies ;*

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ? — So the quarto. The folio has "*Thy* tough *Commixtures* melts," and omits the fourth line altogether, which is evidently needful to the sense.

P. 53. *And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of York,
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm*

Had left no mourning widows for our deaths. — So the quarto. The folio has *death* instead of *deaths*, and also inserts, between the third and fourth of these lines, the following: "They never then had

sprung like Sommer Flies." This line was justly thrown out by Capell, as having no business here, and as a mere alteration and intrusion of the quarto line printed above, "The common people swarm like summer flies."

P. 53. *The foe is merciless, and will not pity;*

And at their hands I have deserved no pity. — So the quarto. The folio has "For at their hands."

P. 54. Edw. *Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?*

Rich. *A deadly groan, like life and breath departing.*

Edw. *See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,*

If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. *Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford.* — Such is the quarto distribution of these speeches. In the folio, the first two lines, and "See who it is" of the third, are assigned to Richard; who is thus made to say "See who it is," and then to declare that it is Clifford. — In the second line, the old text has "like life and *deaths* departing." The reading here given is Lettsom's. Capell conjectured "life and *breath's* departing."

P. 54. *Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch*

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

Did set his murdering knife unto the root, &c. — The old text reads "But set his murth'ring knife"; which leaves the sentence without a predicate.

P. 54. *Instead whereof let his supply the room.* — So the quarto. The folio has *this* instead of *his*.

P. 55. *If this right hand would buy two hours' life,*

That I in all despite might rail at him,

I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose, &c. — So Capell. In the third line the quarto reads "*Ide* cut it off"; the folio, "*This* hand should chop it off."

P. 56. *First will I see thy coronation.* — The old text has *the* instead of *thy*. Corrected by Capell.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 56. Enter two *Keepers*, with Cross-bows in their Hands.—The original has "*Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey*," which were, no doubt, the names of the players.

P. 58. *Let me embrace thee, sour adversity.*—So Dyce and Walker. The old text reads "*Let me embrace the sower Adversaries.*"

P. 58. *And Nero would be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.*—So Pope. The old text reads "*And Nero will be tainted.*"

P. 59. *Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?*—The folio omits *that*; by accident, no doubt.

P. 60. *We charge you, in God's name, and in the King's.*—The second *in*, wanting in the old text, was inserted by Rowe.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 60. *This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain.*—The old copies have "*Sir Richard Grey*,"—an error not easily accounted for, as the *Chronicles* uniformly speak of him as "*Sir John*." Corrected by Pope.

P. 61. *Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two.*—So the quarto. The folio has "*Nay then whip me.*"

P. 64. *The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.*—So the second folio. The first has "*she lookes very sad.*" We have many like instances of *very* interpolated.

P. 65. *Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.*—So the quarto. The folio reads "*And brought your Prisoner.*"

P. 67. *Until my head, that this mis-shaped trunk bears,
Be round impal'd with a glorious crown.*—The old text reads "*Until my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head.*" Hammer printed "*Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear.*" The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens.

P. 68. *Tut, were it further off, I'd pluck it down.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text has *Ile* instead of *I'd*. The two were commonly written *Ide* and *Ile*, and so were often confounded.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 68. *Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.*—So Walker. The old text has "humble *Seat*."

P. 69. *The Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*Our Earle of Warwicke.*" *Our* probably got repeated by mistake from the line before.

P. 70. *Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour.*—So Johnson and Collier's second folio. The old text has *thy* instead of *thee*.

P. 72. *That this his love was an eternal plant.*—So the quarto. The folio has "an *externall Plant*."

P. 73. *Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*—So the second folio. The first omits the second *peace*.

P. 74. *And now, to soothe your forgery and his.*—Heath proposed *smooth* instead of *soothe*. Rightly, I suspect. But see foot-note 8.

P. 76. *Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.*—So the quarto. The folio has "*I weare*."

P. 76. *There's thy reward: be gone.*

K. Lou.

But, Warwick, thou

Thyself and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle.—So Hanmer.

The old text reads "But Warwicke, Thou and Oxford," thus spoiling the metre of both lines. Theobald substituted *Thyself* for *Thou*, instead of adding it to the text, and thus rectified the metre of one line.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 78. *Ay, and shall have your will, because our King.*—So Walker. The old text lacks *Ay*. Rowe completed the verse by printing “And *you* shall have your will.”

P. 79. *Yes ; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.*—So the second folio. The first lacks *Yes*. Walker would read “But *then* the safer.”

P. 81. *Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king.*—So the quarto. The folio has *the* instead of *thy*.

P. 82. *My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.*—The old text reads “Stay not for *the* love.” Pope’s correction.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 83. *The common people swarm to us by numbers.*—The old text reads “The common people *by numbers* swarm to us.” A line so unmetrical seems especially out of place here.

P. 84. *His soldiers lurking in the towns about.*—The old text has *Towne* instead of *towns*. But in the next scene, where the same matter is referred to, we have “his chiefe followers lodge in *Townes* about him.”

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 85. *While he himself keeps here in the cold field.*—The old text lacks *here*, which was inserted by Hanmer.

P. 86. *The Duke ! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.*—The folio omits *last*, which was restored by Capell from the quarto.

P. 86. *And come to new-create you Duke of York.*—The old text reads “And come *now* to create you.” It seems quite unlikely that Warwick would speak thus, knowing, as he did, that Edward became Duke of York on the death of his father. The reading in the text was proposed by Johnson.

P. 86. *I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer*

Louis and the Lady Bona send to him. — So Dyce. The words *him there* are wanting in the old text. Some such addition is required both for sense and for metre. Capell printed “and tell *his Grace* what answer.”

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 87. *Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has “what makes *you in* this.”

P. 87. *Is now committed to the Bishop of York.* — The old text has *new* instead of *now*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 87. *This 'tis that makes me bridle passion.* — The old text reads, unmetrically, “This *is it* that makes.”

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 89. K. Edw. *Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my meaning.* —

Stanley, I will requite your forwardness. — In the old copies, the first of these lines is given to Gloster ; which makes the passage unintelligible. Walker asks, “What does this line refer to ?” and adds, “Something must be lost” ; whereupon his Editor, Lettsom, notes as follows : “Perhaps this line belongs to King Edward, who may be supposed to have been sounding Gloster and Hastings, when he said just before, ‘But whither shall we then ?’” See foot-note 1.

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 90. *For that it made my prisonment a pleasure.* — So Lettsom. The old text has “my *imprisonment*.”

P. 91. *And all his lands and goods be confiscate.* — The first folio omits *be*, which was inserted by Malone. The second folio completes the verse with *confiscated*. But Shakespeare nowhere else uses the latter form, while he has the former repeatedly.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 93. *We being thus arrived*

From Ravenspurgh haven 'fore the gates of York.—The old text has *before* instead of *'fore*. *Ravenspurgh* is spelt *Rauenspurre* in the folio, and was doubtless pronounced as a dissyllable.

P. 94. *A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded.*—So Collier's second folio. The original lacks *he*. Pope repaired the gap in the metre by printing "and persuaded *soon*."

P. 95. *Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?*—So the quarto. The folio has *shall* instead of *should*.

ACT IV., SCENE 8.

P. 96. *With lusty Germans and blunt Hollanders.*—The old text has "With *hasty* Germans." I cannot see what *hasty* should have to do there. The correction *lusty* was proposed by Walker and Jervis independently.

P. 97. Oxf. *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*—The original assigns this speech to King Henry; which can hardly be right, as the King's opinion has not been asked, and the speech is in reply to Warwick's question, "What counsel, *lords*?" Malone transferred it to Oxford.

P. 97. *And thou, son Clarence,*

Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—The old text has "Shall stirre *up* in Suffolk." Pope's correction.

P. 98. *My mercy dried their bitter-flowing tears.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text has "their *water*-flowing teares." What can *water-flowing* mean? Walker suggests "water-flowing *eyes*."

P. 98. [Shout within, *A York! A York!*—The folio has "A Lancaster, a Lancaster." As the shout comes from King Edward's party, some explain the old stage direction as an attempt to blind their oppo-

nents ; but that seems very unlikely. Johnson notes upon the question thus : “ Surely the shouts that ushered in King Edward should be ‘ A York ! A York ! ’ I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters.” Dyce adds, “ There can be no doubt that in our early dramas the greater part of the stage-directions was inserted by the actors.”

P. 98. *And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.*

Glos. *Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares : —
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry :
The Sun shines hot ; and, if we use delay,*

Cold-biting Winter mars out hoped-for hay. — In the old text, this closing couplet is printed as the end of the preceding speech. The lines come fitly from the mouth of Richard, but not, I think, from that of Edward. Lettsom proposed the transfer.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 102. “[Taking the red rose out of his hat.” — The folio has no stage-direction here, though one is imperatively required by the context. The quarto has the words, “ Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at Warwike.”

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 105. *And more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd ; but at last*

I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan, &c. — In the second of these lines, *clamour* is from the quarto ; the folio having *Cannon*. In the third, the folio has *mought*, which is an old form of *might* ; but in the next line it has *might* ; and it does not well appear why the form should be thus varied.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 107. *Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And Somerset another goodly mast ?*

These friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ? — So Walker. The old text has “ *The friends of France.*”

P. 109. *Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.* — So the quarto. The folio has “water of my eye.”

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 110. *Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.* — So the quarto. The folio has *Now* instead of *Lo*.

P. 111. *Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.* — So the quarto of 1619. The other old copies have *the* instead of *thou*.

P. 112. *The Tower, the Tower!* — The folio omits *The*; accidentally, no doubt. Supplied by Capell.

P. 113. *What, wilt thou not? — Where is that devil-butcher, Hard-favour'd Richard? — Richard, where art thou, Thou art not here?* — The folio has “Where is that *divels* butcher *Richard*? Hard favor'd Richard?” Here the first *Richard* is no doubt an accidental repetition. The correction *devil-butcher* is Theobald's. The corresponding passage of the quarto is,

*Whears the Divel's butcher, hardfavored Richard,
Richard where art thou?*

ACT V., SCENE 6.

P. 114. *And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.* — So the quarto. The folio has “the *Foole* was drown'd.”

P. 115. *And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, —
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death, —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.* — So the second folio. The first lacks *fate* at the end of the third line; also *And* at the beginning of the fourth. The old text also has the two following lines between the second and the third:

And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye.

Here I have not the slightest doubt that two alternative readings, or rather the first writing and the correction intended as a substitute for

it, both got jumbled in together. Of the four lines in question, Lett-som remarks, "I can make nothing out of them but that they are corrupt." For a like instance of confusion, see note on "And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride," &c., in *King Richard II.*, i. 3.

P. 115. *And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.* — So the quarto. The folio has *Discords* for *discord*.

P. 115. *And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
An indigested and deformed lump.* — Here the quarto has "*To wit* : an *undigest created lumpe*"; the folio, "*To wit*, an indigested and deformed lumpe." Dyce notes upon the passage thus: "I have no doubt that the words *To wit* were retained in the folio contrary to Shakespeare's intention; he having expanded the original line into a complete verse."

ACT V., SCENE 7.

P. 117. *For hardy and redoubted champions.* — So Collier's second folio, as Capell also conjectured. The old text has "and *undoubted Champions*."

P. 118. Q. Eliz. *Thanks, noble Clarence.* — So the quarto. The folio has the prefix "*Cla.*"

P. 119. *With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court.* — The folio has "*befits* the pleasure"; the quartos, "*befits* the *pleasures*." The correction is Pope's.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

REGISTERED at the Stationers' in October, 1597, as "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence," and published in quarto the same year, but without the author's name. In 1598 it was issued again, with "By William Shakespeare" added in the title-page. There was a third issue in 1602, which, though merely a reprint of the former, claimed to be "newly augmented." The same text was printed again in 1605, and also in 1613, besides three other editions in quarto, severally dated 1624, 1629, and 1634; in all, eight quarto editions. The play was also printed in the folio of 1623, with a few brief omissions, with considerable additions, amounting to some hundred and eighty lines, and with many slight variations of text. A report of these additions may have prompted the insertion of "newly augmented" in the quarto of 1602, the publisher wishing to have it thought that his copy included them.

The great popularity of the play is shown by these frequent issues, wherein it surpassed any other of the Poet's dramas; and the three later quartos prove that even after the issue of the folio there was still a large demand for it in a separate form. It was also honoured beyond any of its fellows by contemporary notice. It is mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598; Fuller, also, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his political eruptions, refer to it as well known; and Bishop Corbet, writing in 1617, gives a quaint description of his host at Bosworth, which is highly curious, as witnessing both what an impression the play had made on the popular mind, and also how thoroughly the hero had become identified with Richard Burbage, the original performer of that part:

Why, he could tell
 The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
 Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
 He had authentic notice *from the play*;
 Which I might guess by's *mustering up the ghosts*,
 And policies not incident to hosts;
 But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
 Where he mistook a *player for a king* :
 For, when he would have said, King Richard died,
 And call'd "A horse, a horse!" *he Burbage cried.*

As to the time of the writing, we have no clear external evidence beyond the forecited entry at the Stationers'. The internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date as 1592 or 1593. The general style, though showing a decided advance on that of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, is strictly continuous with it; while the history and characterization of the three so knit in together as to make them all of one piece and texture. In several passages of the play, especially in Clarence's account of his dream, and Tyrrell's description of the murder of the young Princes, Shakespeare is out in his plenitude of poetical wealth; and the character of Richard is a marvel of sustained vigour and versatile aptness: nevertheless the play, as a whole, evinces somewhat less maturity of power than *King Richard the Second*: in several cases there is great insubordination of details to the general plan; as in the hero's wooing of Lady Anne and Queen Elizabeth, where we have an excess of dialogical epigram, showing indeed a prodigious fertility of thought, but betraying withal a sort of mental incontinence; and where we quite miss that watchful judgment which, in the Poet's later dramas, tempers all the parts and elements into artistic symmetry and proportion. Therewithal the play has great and manifest inequalities of workmanship, insomuch as well-nigh to force the conclusion that the Poet must have revised it after a considerable interval, and given it many touches of his riper and more practised hand.

Historically considered, the play covers a period of fourteen years, namely, from the death of Henry, in 1471, to the fall of Richard, in 1485. More than half of this period, however, is dispatched in the first Act; the funeral of Henry, the marriage of Richard with Lady Anne, and the death of Clarence being

represented as occurring all about the same time ; whereas in fact they were separated by considerable intervals, the latter not taking place till 1478. And there is a similar abridgment of time between the first Act and the second ; as the latter opens with the sickness of King Edward, his seeming reconciliation of the peers, and his death, all which took place in April, 1483. Thenceforward the events are mainly disposed in the order of their actual occurrence ; the drama being perhaps as true to the history as were practicable or desirable in a work so different in its nature and use. — This drawing together of the scattered events seems eminently judicious : for the plan of the drama required them to be used only as subservient to the hero's character ; and it does not appear how the Poet could have ordered them better for developing in the most forcible manner his idea of that extraordinary man. So that the selection and grouping of the secondary incidents are regulated by the paramount law of the work ; and, certainly, they are made to tell with masterly effect in furtherance of the author's purpose.

Since Shakespeare's time, much has been written to explode the current history of Richard, and to lessen, if not remove, the abhorrence in which his memory had come to be held. The Poet has not been left without his share of criticism and censure for the alleged blackening of his dramatic hero. This attempt at reforming public opinion was led off by Sir George Buck, whose *History of Richard the Third* was published in 1646. Something more than a century later, the work was resumed and carried on with great acuteness by Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts*. And several other writers have since put their hands to the same task. Still the old judgment seems likely to stand. Lingard has carried to the subject his usual candour and research, and, after dispatching the strong points on the other side, winds up his account of Richard thus : " Writers have indeed in modern times attempted to prove his innocence ; but their arguments are rather ingenious than conclusive, and dwindle into groundless conjectures when confronted with the evidence which may be arrayed against them." The killing of the two Princes formed the backbone of the guilt laid at Richard's door. That they did actually disappear is tolerably certain ; that upon him fell what-

ever advantage could grow from their death is equally so; and it is for those who deny the cause uniformly assigned at the time and long after for their disappearance to tell us how and by whom they were put out of the way. And Sharon Turner, who is perhaps the severest of all sifters of historic fictions, is constrained to admit Richard's murder of his nephews; and, so long as this bloodstain remains, the scouring of others, however it may diminish his crimes, will hardly lighten his criminality.

As to the moral complexion of Shakespeare's Richard, the incidents whereby his character in this respect transpires are nearly all taken from the historians, with only such heightening as it is the prerogative of poetry to lend, even when most tied to actual events. In the Poet's time, the prevailing ideas of Richard were derived from the history of his life and reign put forth by Sir Thomas More; though the matter is supposed to have been mainly furnished by Dr. John Morton, who was himself a part of the subject, and was afterwards Cardinal, Primate of England, and Lord Chancellor to Henry the Seventh. More's *History*, as it is called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed into their *Chronicles*. It is a very noble composition; and Shakespeare's Richard, morally speaking, is little else than the descriptive analysis there given reduced to dramatic life and expression.

I must add, that after the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, Queen Margaret was in fact confined in the Tower till 1475, when she went into France, and died there in 1482. So that the part she takes in this play is a dramatic fiction. And a very judicious fiction it is too. Nor is it without a basis of truth; for, though absent in person, she was nevertheless present in spirit, and in the memory of her voice, which still seemed to be ringing in the ears of both friends and foes. And her curses do but proclaim those moral retributions of which God is the author, and Nature His minister; and perhaps the only way her former character could be carried on into these scenes, was by making her seek indemnity for *her* woes by ringing changes upon the woes of others.



K. Rich. " Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! "

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.	FRANCIS LORD LOVEL.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, } his Sons.	Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }	Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.
Duke of Clarence, } his Brothers.	Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
Duke of Gloster, }	Sir JAMES TYRREL.
A young Son of Clarence.	Sir WILLIAM BRANDON.
HENRY TUDOR, Earl of Richmond.	Sir JAMES BLUNT.
BOURCHIER, Primate of England.	Sir WALTER HERBERT.
ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.	Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.	CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.	Another Priest.
JOHN HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk.	Lord Mayor of London.
THOMAS, his Son, Earl of Surrey.	Sheriff of Wiltshire.
WOODVILLE, Earl Rivers.	
Marquess of Dorset, } Sons of the	ELIZABETH, Queen of Edward IV.
RICHARD LORD GREY, } Queen.	MARGARET, Widow of Henry VI.
JOHN DE VERE, Earl of Oxford.	CICELY, Duchess of York.
WILLIAM LORD HASTINGS.	LADY ANNE.
THOMAS LORD STANLEY.	A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE. — *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by this sun,¹ of York;

¹ The cognizance of Edward IV. was a *sun*, in memory of the three suns

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our House
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.²
 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
 And now — instead of mounting barbèd ³ steeds
 To fright the souls of fearful ⁴ adversaries —
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,⁵
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,⁶
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

which are said to have appeared at the battle he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. See page 31, note 4.

² *Measure* was the name of a *dance*. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.

³ *Barbed* is *caparisoned* or *clothed* in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barded*, from *equus bardatus*.

⁴ *Fearful* was, as it still is, used in the two opposite senses of *terrible* and *timorous*. Here it probably has the former.

⁵ *Proportion* for *form*, *shape*, or *personal aspect*. Repeatedly so. "This fair proportion" may refer to what has just been spoken of as "love's majesty." But *this* is probably here used indefinitely, and with something of a sneer. The demonstrative pronouns were, and still are, often used thus. So in *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2 : "*This* apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy." See, also, vol. vi. page 174, note 9.

⁶ *Feature* in the sense of *form* or *figure*, and referring to the person in general. So in More's description of Richard : "Little of stature, *ill-featured of limbs*, crook-backed." — *Dissembling*, here, is sometimes explained to mean, not *deceiving*, but putting together or *assembling* things not *semblable*, as a brave mind and a deformed body. It may be so ; but the word *cheated* seems to make rather strongly against this explanation.

And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ; —
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity :
And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days —
I am determinéd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions ⁷ dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,⁸
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence comes. —

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : what means this armèd guard
That waits upon your Grace ?

Clar. His Majesty,
Tendering ⁹ my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct ¹⁰ to convey me to the Tower.

⁷ *Inductions* are beginnings, preparations ; things that draw on or *induce* events. Shakespeare has the word just so in two other places.

⁸ To *mew up* was a term in falconry ; hawks being shut up or confined in a *mew* during the season of moulting.

⁹ To *tender* a thing is to be *careful* of it, to have a *tender regard* for it, to *hold it dear*. See vol. vii. page 51, note 49.

¹⁰ *Conduct* for *conductor*, or *escort*. See vol. v. page 208, note 20.

Glos. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glos. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :

O, belike his Majesty hath some intent

That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest

As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,

He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;

And from the cross-row¹¹ plucks the letter G,

And says a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be ;

And, for¹² my name of George begins with G,

It follows in his thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such-like toys¹³ as these,

Have moved his Highness to commit me now.

Glos. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women :

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower ;

My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she

That tempers¹⁴ him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,

Antony Woodeville,¹⁵ her brother there,

That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?

We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

¹¹ *Cross-row* is an abbreviation of *Christ-cross-row*, and means the *alphabet*, which is said to have been so called, either because a cross was placed before it, or because it was written in the form of a cross, to be used as a sort of charm.

¹² *For* is here equivalent to *because* ; a frequent usage.

¹³ *Toys* for *whims, fancies, or freaks of imagination*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 4 : "The very place puts *toys* of desperation into every brain that looks so many fathoms to the sea," &c.

¹⁴ *Tempers* is *frames, fashions, or disposes*.

¹⁵ This name is here three syllables. Commonly spelt *Woodville*.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glos. Humbly complaining to her Deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what ; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery :
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,¹⁶
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. Beseech your Graces both to pardon me ;
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glos. Even so ; an please your Worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say :
We speak no treason, man : we say the King
Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous :
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glos. Nought to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught¹⁷ with her, excepting one,

¹⁶ The *widow* is Queen Elizabeth, the name of whose deceased husband was Grey. *Herself* refers to Mrs. Jane Shore, quite a noted character of the time, whom King Edward is said to have cherished as a sort of left-hand wife. She was much mixed up with the intrigues of the Court.

¹⁷ Richard is quibbling between *nought* and *naught*, the latter of which has the sense of *bad*, as in our word *naughty*.

Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glos. Her husband, knave : wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. Beseech your Grace to pardon me ; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glos. We are the Queen's *abjects*,¹⁸ and must obey. —
Brother, farewell : I will unto the King ;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in, —
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister, —
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glos. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you : ¹⁹
Meantime have patience.

Clar. I must perforce : farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard*.]

Glos. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glos. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

¹⁸ The lowest of her subjects. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15 : "Yea, the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not."

¹⁹ Or else *lie in prison* in your stead. But a quibble is probably intended between the two senses of *lie*.

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glos. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on²⁰ him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glos. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him²¹ mightily.

Glos. Now, by Saint Paul,²² this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glos. Go you before, and I will follow you.—

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-haste up to Heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to His mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter :²³

²⁰ *Prevail'd on* is here used for *prevail'd against*.

²¹ Fear *for* him, of course. This mode of speech was not uncommon.
See vol. iii. page 187, note 1.

²² "By Saint Paul" was in fact Richard's favourite oath.

²³ This was Lady Anne, daughter of Richard Neville, the great Earl of

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
 O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious,³ and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !⁴
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !—
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interrèd there ;
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[The Bearers take up the coffin and move forwards.]

Shakespeare has it again in *Lucrece* : "And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream he falls." Thus, also, in Holland's Pliny : "In this habite, disguised as hee sat, hee was starke dead and *key-cold* before any man perceived it."

³ *Prodigious* for *monstrous* ; one of the Latin senses of the word. Such births were held to be of evil omen. See vol. iii. page 91, note 25.

⁴ *Unhappiness* here means *mischievousness*, or *propensity to mischief*. The Poet has it several times in this sense. See vol. iv. page 183, note 31.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glos. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys !

I Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glos. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I command :
Advance⁵ thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil. —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of Hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glos. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.⁶

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not ;
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries. —
O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed⁷ afresh ! —

⁵ Here, as often, *advance* is *raise* or *lift up*. — *Unmanner'd*, in the preceding line, is *unmannerly*, or *insolent*.

⁶ *Curst* is *sharp-tongued*, or fierce and bitter of speech. Repeatedly so.

⁷ This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral : " The dead corps was conveyed from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffin bare-faced : the same in presence of the beholders *did bleed*. From thence he was caried to the Blackfriars, and *bled there likewise*." — It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales⁸ this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells :
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death !
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead ;
Or, Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,⁹
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcheréd !

Glos. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man :
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glos. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glos. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffused¹⁰ infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursèd self.

Glos. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No éxcuse current, but to hang thyself.

⁸ Shakespeare repeatedly has *exhale* in the sense of *draw out*. In *Henry V.* Pistol uses it imperatively, meaning, "draw thy sword."

⁹ *Quick* is *alive* or *living* ; so that the meaning is *swallow* him alive. So in *Hamlet*, v. 1 : "Be buried *quick* with her, and so will I." See, also, vol. vii. page 216, note 18.

¹⁰ *Diffused* sometimes meant *dark*, *obscure*, *uncouth*, or *confused*. See vol. vi. page 90, note 5.

Glos. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glos. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Why, then they are not dead :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glos. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glos. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glos. I was provokèd by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt ¹¹ upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glos. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glos. The fitter for the King of Heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in Heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glos. Let him thank me, that holp ¹² to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.

Glos. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

¹¹ The guilt of his brothers who slew the Prince.

¹² *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite form of the verb to *help*. It occurs very often in the English *Psalter*, which is a much older version of the Psalms than that in the Bible.

Glos. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glos. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glos. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method, —
Is not the causer of the timeless¹³ deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed th' effect.¹⁴

Glos. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glos. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheerèd by the Sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Glos. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glos. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

¹³ *Timeless*, here, is *untimely*. A frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3: "Poison, I see, hath been his *timeless* end." In the first speech of this scene, we have a like use of *helpless* for *unhelping* or *unavailing*: "I pour the *helpless* balm of my poor eyes."

¹⁴ And most accursed *is the effect*; *effect* referring to *their death*.

To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.

Glos. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.

Glos. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glos. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glos. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glos. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost
thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake !

Glos. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glos. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks,¹⁵ to strike thee dead !

Glos. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops :

These eyes, which never shed remorseful¹⁶ tear, —

Not when my father York and Edward wept

To hear¹⁷ the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;

¹⁵ The Poet has several allusions to this imaginary power of the reptile, called *basilisk* from its having on the head some resemblance to a crown ; the name being from the Greek, and signifying a little king. So Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, xxi. 9 : " For, as the fable goeth of the basilisk, that if he see you first, you die for it ; but if you see him first, he dieth ; so is it with deceits and evil arts." See vol. vii. page 159, note 51.

¹⁶ *Remorse* was continually used for *pity*, *remorseful* for *pitiful*.

¹⁷ Wept *at hearing* ; the infinitive used gerundively. The Poet abounds in this usage. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain ;— in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lips such scorn ; for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[Gives her his sword, and lays his breast open, kneeling.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry, —

[She offers at his breast with his sword.]

But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.

Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward, —

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glos. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

[Rises, and takes up his sword.]

Anne. I have already.

Glos. That was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glos. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glos. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glos. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glos. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glos. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And, if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glos. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place ;
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears —
I will with all expedient¹⁸ duty see you :

¹⁸ *Expedient* for *expeditious*. Repeatedly so. So in *King John*, ii. 1 :
" His marches are *expedient* to this town."

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glos. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKELEY.*

Glos. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glos. No, to White-Friars ; there attend¹⁹ my coming. —

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her ; — but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing !²⁰
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?²¹

¹⁹ Here, as often, *attend* is *wait for* or *await*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 1 :
"Your company to th' Capitol ; where our greatest friends *attend* us !"

²⁰ "The chances against me were as all the world to nothing."

²¹ This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second Act dying. That King died in April,

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman —
Framed in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal —
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet abase²² her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,²³
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper²⁴ man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in²⁵ his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair Sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.

1483; consequently there is an interval between this Act and the next of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined till February, 1478, nearly seven years afterwards.

²² To *abase* is to *cast down*, to *lower*, or to *let fall*.

²³ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous*.

²⁴ *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. *Proper* for *handsome* or *well-proportioned*. See vol. iii. page 124, note 16.

²⁵ Shakespeare uses *in* or *into* indifferently, as suits his verse.

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt his Majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick ¹ and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded ² yet :
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*³

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace !

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been !

¹ *Quick*, here, is *lively, sprightly*. So in *Love's Labours Lost*, i. 1 : " But is there no *quick* recreation granted ? "

² A thing was said to be *determined*, when it was *resolved* upon ; *concluded*, when it was *formally passed*, so as to be a ground of action.

³ Henry Stafford, the present Duke of Buckingham, was descended, on his father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, the fifth son of Edward III. On his mother's side he was descended from John of Ghent, third son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and as unprincipled as he was nobly descended. — Thomas Lord Stanley was Lord Steward of the King's household to Edward IV.

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond,⁴ good my Lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam : he desires to make atonement⁵
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain ;
And sent to warn⁶ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well ! but that will never be :
I fear our happiness is at the height.

⁴ The Countess of Richmond was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and so was descended from John of Ghent through the Beaufort branch of his family. See page 91, note 2. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor, by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Lord Stanley of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII., was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.

⁵ *Atonement* is *reconciliation, at-one-ment*. See vol. v. page 110, note 20.

⁶ To *warn* was used for to *summon*.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glos. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,⁷
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glos. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong? —
Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal Grace —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd⁸ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The King, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

⁷ To *smooth*, or to *soothe*, is, in old language, to *insinuate* and *beguile* with flattery; to *cog*, is to *cajole* and *cheat*. Repeatedly so. See vol. iv. page 237, note 8.

⁸ *Lewd* in its old sense of *knaveish*, *wicked*, or *base*. See vol. iv. page 245, note 25.

Glos. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.⁹

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster ;

You envy my advancement and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glos. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glos. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for —

Glos. She may, Lord Rivers ! why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may, — ay, marry, may she, —

⁹ *Jack* was a common term of contempt or reproach. Richard is referring to the Queen's kindred, her sons, the Greys, and her brothers, the Woodvilles, who, by her marriage with the King, were suddenly raised from a far inferior rank to all but the highest.

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glos. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis¹⁰ your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech Him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glos. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glos. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

¹⁰ Dyce thinks that the writers of Shakespeare's time used *I wis* "as equivalent to *I ween*." Here it seems to have about the sense of *I think*, *I guess*, or, as they say at the South, *I reckon*. See vol. iii. page 162, note 9.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glos. In all which time you and your husband Grey Were factious for the House of Lancaster ;— And, Rivers, so were you :— was not your husband In Margaret's battle ¹¹ at Saint Alban's slain ? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere now, and what you are ; Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glos. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick ; Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Which God revenge !

Glos. — 'To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ; And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up. I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's ; Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine : I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world, Thou cacodemon ! ¹² there thy kingdom is.

¹¹ *Battle* here probably means *army*. A common use of the word in old writers. — Sir John Grey, the Queen's former husband, fell in what is known as the second battle of Saint Alban's, which took place February 18, 1461. In that battle the Lancastrians were victorious, Queen Margaret being at the head of the army on that side. Their advantage, however, was much more than lost at the great battle of Towton, fought on the 29th of March following, and one of the fiercest and bloodiest in the long series of wars known as the Wars of the Roses. Upon this triumph of the Yorkists, many of the Lancastrians, and among them the Greys, were attainted, and stripped of their possessions. It was upon her throwing herself at the feet of King Edward, and soliciting a reversal of the attainder in behalf of her destitute children, that the Lady Grey first won his pity, which soon warmed into love. See page 65, note 5.

¹² A *cacodemon* is an evil spirit, a fiend. The word is Greek.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful King :
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glos. If I should be ! I had rather be a pedler :
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it !

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] As little joy enjoys the Queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. — [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd ¹³ from me !
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ? —
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glos. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest ¹⁴ thou in my
sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glos. Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death ? ¹⁵

¹³ To *pill* is to *pillage*. It is often used with to *poll* or *strip*. "Kildare did use to *pill and poll* his friendes, tenants, and reteyners." — HOLINSHED.

¹⁴ "What *makest* thou" is old language for "what *doest* thou." Here it means, "what business have you in this place ?" See vol. v. page 34, note 4. — *Gentle*, in the line before, is *high-born*.

¹⁵ Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482.

Q. Mar. I was ;

But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me, —
And thou a kingdom, — all of you allegiance :
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glos. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes ;
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ; —
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.¹⁶

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven ? —
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses ! —
Though not by war, by surfeit die your King,

¹⁶ The matter here referred to is set forth at length in the preceding play,
i. 4, pages 25-29.

As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen ! —
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by, —
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, — when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray Him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glos. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag !

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them ¹⁷ keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !

¹⁷ *Them* refers to *Heaven*, the latter being a collective noun.

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !¹⁸

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of Nature and the son of Hell !

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !

Thou loathèd issue of thy father's loins !

Thou rag of honour ! thou detested —

Glos. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glos. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glos. I cry thee mercy, then ; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse !

Glos. 'Tis done by me, and ends in — Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against your-
self.

Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,¹⁹

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

¹⁸ She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a *boar*. "The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." — *Elvish-mark'd* refers to the old belief that deformities of person were the work of malignant or mischievous fairies or *elves*.

¹⁹ Alluding to Richard's form and venom. A *bottled spider* is a *large, bloated spider*; supposed to contain venom in proportion to its size.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects ;
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

Dor. Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert :
Your fire-new²⁰ stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glos. Good counsel, marry : — learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glos. Ay, and much more ; but I was born so high :
Our eyrie²¹ buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the Sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to shade ; — alas ! alas ! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyrie buildeth in our eyrie's nest : —
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Riv. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me :
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame ;²²

²⁰ *Fire-new* is the old term for what we call *brand-new*.

²¹ *Eyrie* for *brood*. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks ; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *cyren*, eggs.

²² "Outrage is the only charity shown me, and a life of shame, dishonour, is all the life permitted me." "*My* charity" may mean either the charity done *by* me or that done *to* me ; here it means the latter. For similar instances of construction, see vol. vii. page 97, note 23.

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :
Now fair befall thee and thy noble House !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !
Look, when he fawns he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and Hell have set their marks on him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glos. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel ?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess ! —
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's ! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine : I muse ²³ why she's at liberty.

Glos. I cannot blame her : by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong ; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

²³ To muse is, in old usage, to marvel or to wonder.

Glos. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up ²⁴ to fattening for his pains :
God pardon them that are the cause of it !

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glos. So do I ever, being well advised ; ²⁵ —
[*Aside.*] For, had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you, —
And for your Grace, — and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. — Lords, will you go with me ?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Glos. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham ;
And say it is the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :

²⁴ A *frank* is a *pen* or *coop* in which hogs and other animals were confined while fattening. To be *franked up* was to be *closely confined*. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, or fatten.

²⁵ "Being well advised" is the same as having well considered, or, as we now say, speaking or acting advisedly. See vol. iii. page 208, note 1. — *Scathe*, in the line before, is an old word for *harm*.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stol'n out of Holy Writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But, soft ! here come my executioners. —

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolvèd ²⁶ mates !
Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

1 Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glos. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me :

[Gives the warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdúrate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assured

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glos. Your eyes drop millstones,²⁷ when fools' eyes drop
tears :

I like you, lads ; about your business straight ;

Go, go, dispatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.*

²⁶ *Stout-resolvèd* is the same in sense as *boldly resolute* ; or, as we might say, men of iron resolution.

²⁷ *Weeping mill-stones* was a proverbial phrase used of persons not apt to weep. It occurs in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607. "Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears."

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;¹
And, in my company, my brother Gloster ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stönes, unvalued² jewels,

¹ Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French King, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477.

² *Unvalued* for *invaluable*, not to be valued, inestimable.

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept —
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes — reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious³ flood
 Stopt-in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,⁴
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life :
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*

³ *Envious* in the sense of *malicious*, which was then its more common meaning. So in the preceding scene: "The *envious* slanders of her false accusers."

⁴ *Bulk* was used for *breast*. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "He raised a sigh so piteous and profound, that it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*, and end his being." — *Vast*, in the line before, is *void* or *waste*; like the Latin *vastus*. — The "wandering air" is the aerial expanse where the soul would be free to use its wings, and roam at large. So in the description of Raphael's voyage to the Earth, *Paradise Lost*, v. 267:

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air.

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting,⁵ perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury :
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in Hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !—
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy will on me alone ;
O, spare my guiltless wife⁶ and my poor children !—
Keeper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your Grace good rest !—

[*CLARENCE sleeps in a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,

⁵ *Fleeting* or *flitting*, in old language, was used for *uncertain, inconstant, fluctuating*. Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother Edward.

⁶ The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See page 147, note 23.

An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :⁷
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how camest thou
hither ?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

2 Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. — Let him
see our commission ; and talk no more.

[*1 Murd. gives a paper to BRAK., who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys ; there sits the duke asleep :
I'll to the King ; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom : fare you
well. [Exit BRAKENBURY.

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 Murd. No ; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he
wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never wake
till the judgment-day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

⁷ For imaginary pleasures which are unfelt by them, they often endure a great burden of restless cares, which they feel, to their cost.

2 Murd. The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What, art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not :⁸ he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed ; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow⁹ that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work ?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts¹⁰ of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device ! and make a sop¹¹ of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft ! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike !

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason¹² with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou ?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

⁸ *Him* refers to *conscience*, not to *Devil*. — To *insinuate with* is to *make friends with*, to *play upon*, to *beguile*. The idea of conscience trying to wheedle and steal a man out of the Devil's leading is a most Shakesperian stroke of art. And the grim humour of these hired cut-throats in thus jesting away the approaches of preventive remorse is a capital instance of the Poet's inwardness with Nature. For even so men often laugh and sport themselves through the perpetration of crime ; the supremacy of the moral law, the self-assertive rights of conscience instinctively prompting them to such tricks of evasion. I can hardly think of any one particular wherein Shakespeare's moral sanity of genius is more pregnantly manifested.

⁹ That is, a *bold, stout-hearted* fellow. See vol. v. page 143, note 4.

¹⁰ *Hilts*, the plural form, was commonly used where we should use *hilt*. — *Costard*, of course, is put for *head*. The word properly means *apple*, and was thus applied from similarity of shape.

¹¹ A *sop* is anything soaked or steeped in liquor.

¹² Here, as often, to *reason* is to *talk* or *converse*. See vol. iii. page 158, note 3. — *Soft!* second line before, is the old exclamative for *hold!* *stay!* or *not too fast!*

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak !
Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both Murd. To, to, to —

Clar. To murder me ?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?
What lawful quest ¹³ have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?
Before I be convict ¹⁴ by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me :
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

2 Murd. And he that hath commanded is our King.

¹³ *Quest* here means a *jury of inquest*.

¹⁴ *Convict* for *convicted*. Such shortened preterites are very frequent.
See vol. vii. page 21, note 42.

Clar. Erroneous vassals ! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder : will you, then,
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed ; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too :
Thou didst receive the Sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :
He sends you not to murder me for this ;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengèd for the deed,
O, know you yet, He doth it publicly :
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

1 Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the Devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates
you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Come, you deceive yourself :
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thralldom to the joys of Heaven.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me ?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks :
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me :
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

1 Murd. Ay, [*Stabbing him.*] thus, and thus : if all this
will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd !
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder !

Re-enter 1 Murderer.

1 Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not ?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother !
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art. —
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial :
And, when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.¹⁵ [Exit.

¹⁵ The Duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the Parliament, convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. This was in February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first Act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The manner of Clarence's death has never been ascertained. It was generally attributed to the machinations of Richard. There was a fierce grudge between the two Dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick estates. See page 148, note 24.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so ; now have I done a good day's work :
You peers, continue this united league :
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
And now in peace my soul shall part¹ to Heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on Earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.²

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King ;
Lest He that is the súpreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this, —
Nor you, son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you ; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignèdly.

¹ *Part* for *depart* ; the two being often used indiscriminately.

² To *dissemble* is, strictly, to *put off* the show of what is, as to *simulate* is to *put on* the show of what is not. So here the meaning is, "Do not merely put off the show of hatred, but eradicate it altogether, and swear love into its place."

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ; — Hastings, love lord
marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen.*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn
his hate

Upon your Grace, but³ with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. Good morrow to my sovereign King and Queen ;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

³ A very uncommon use of *but*, which is here equivalent to *and not*, or, better, to *or not*. The full sense appears to be, "Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate upon you, *or rather* when he doth *not* with all duteous love," &c. For another like instance of *but*, see vol. vii. page 171, note 19.

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensèd peers.

Glos. A blessèd labour, my most sovereign liege.
Among this princely heap,⁴ if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise, hold me
A foe ; if I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ; —
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ; —
Of you, Lord Rivers, — and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me ; —
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; — indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter :
I would to God all strifes were well compounded. —
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glos. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ? [*They all start.*

⁴ *Heap* for *throng*, *crowd*, or *gathering*, occurs repeatedly. So in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3: " And there were drawn upon a *heap* a hundred ghastly women, transformèd with their fear."

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed.

Glos. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wingèd Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit,⁵ sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?
My brother kill'd no man : his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised ?⁶
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

⁵ He means a *remission* of the forfeit ; the servant having *forfeited* his life by the act of homicide.

⁶ *Advised*, again, for *considerate*, or *cautious*. See page 171, note 25.

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding⁷ to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt the King, the Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.*]

Glos. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

⁷ *Beholding* where we should use *beholden*. Always so in Shakespeare.
The word means *obliged* or *indebted*.

O, they did urge it still unto the King !
God will revenge it. But, come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Duchess of York,¹ with a Son and Daughter of
CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead ?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry, *O Clarence, my unhappy son !*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duch. My pretty cousins,² you mistake me both ;
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death :
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The King my uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will impórtune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the King doth love you
well :

¹ Cicely, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

² The Duchess is speaking to her grandchildren, *cousin* being then used for this relation, as well as for *nephew, niece*, and indeed for *kindred* generally. The word *grandchild* does not occur in Shakespeare.

Incapable³ and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the King, provoked to't by the Queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And, when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle⁴ shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs⁵ he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,⁶ grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS and DORSET following her.

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?⁷

³ *Incapable* is here used nearly, if not exactly, in the sense of *unconscious*; meaning that unconsciousness of evil which renders children *unsuspecting*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "As one *incapable* of her own distress."

⁴ *Gentle* here means *well-born* or *high-born*, as opposed to *simple* or *low-born*. So in i. 3, of this play: "Ah, *gentle villain*, do not turn away." Spoken to Richard by Margaret.

⁵ This word was formerly thought good enough for the most refined lips and the choicest strains of poetry.

⁶ *Dissemble* was used, as it still is, both for *feigning* and for *concealing* thoughts and feelings. Here it has the sense of to *simulate* or to *feign*. See page 183, note 2.

⁷ The endings *-ience* and *-iance*, as well as *-ion*, *-ian*, and *-ious*, are often

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :
Edward, my lord, thy son, our King, is dead !
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,⁸
That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the King's ;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images :⁹
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I —
Thine being but a moiety of my grief —
To over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries !

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death !
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress, was left unmoan'd ;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation ;

used as two syllables by Shakespeare, especially at the end of a verse. So, here, *impatience* is, properly, four syllables. And so in the preceding scenes we have the line, " Lest to thy harm thou move our *patience*," and the line, " And, for unfelt imaginations " ; where *-ience* and *-ions* are strictly dissyllabic.

⁸ That is, " be *quick*." *Brief* is often used so, as also *briefly* for *quickly*. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 1 : " Let's *briefly* put on manly readiness."

⁹ " His *images*" are the *children* who represented and resembled him.

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce ¹⁰ their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery Moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Children. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and he's gone.

Children. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss !

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss !

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs !
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness His doing :
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son : send straight for him ;

¹⁰ *Reduce* in the Latin sense of *lead* or *bring back*. Repeatedly so. In the next line, the Moon is called *watery* from her connection with the tides. In *Hamlet*, i. i, she is called "the moist star," for the same reason.

Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF,
and others.

Glos. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them. —
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ; ¹¹
I did not see your Grace : humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glos. Amen ; — [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old
man !

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing :
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept : ¹²
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

¹¹ " I cry you mercy " is an old phrase for " I ask your pardon."

¹² This passage is touched with a sort of grammatical paralysis, but the sense is not very obscure. Their hearts had been swollen high with rancour, but the rancour has been broken out of them; and as the broken parts have been but lately splintered, and knit and joined together, so the union must be gently preserved, &c.

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fet¹³
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate¹⁴ is green and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,¹⁵
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glos. I hope the King made peace with all of us ;
And the compáct is firm and true in me.

Hast. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Stan. And so say I.

Glos. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow. —
Madam, — and you, my mother, — will you go
To give your censures¹⁶ in this business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,

¹³ *Fet* is an old preterite form of *fetch*. The poet has it in several other instances. — Prince Edward, as Prince of Wales, was in fact living at this time under the governance of his maternal uncle, the Earl of Rivers, at Ludlow Castle ; his presence being deemed necessary to restrain the Welshmen, who were something wild and apt to be disorderly.

¹⁴ "The *Estate*" here means "the State." In reference to the governing part of the Commonwealth, the two words anciently had the same meaning.

¹⁵ *Apparent* in its old sense of *evident* or *manifest*. Repeatedly so.

¹⁶ That is, your *judgments*, your *opinions*. See vol. vii. page 165, note 1.

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;
 For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
 As index ¹⁷ to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glos. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 My oracle, my prophet ! my dear cousin,
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
 Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour : whither away so fast ?

2 Cit. I promise you I scarcely know myself :
 Hear you the news abroad ?

1 Cit. Yes ; that the King is dead.

2 Cit. Ill news, by'r Lady ; seldom comes the better :
 I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
 death ?

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !¹

¹⁷ The *index* of a book was formerly set at the beginning ; hence, probably, the word came to be used in the sense of *opening* or *introduction*. So in iv. 4 of this play : "The flattering *index* of a direful pageant." And in *Othello*, ii. 1 : "An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts." — *Sort*, in the line before, is used for *select* or *pick*.

¹ So in *Ecclesiastes*, x. 16 : "Woe to thee, O land ! when thy king is a child."

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government ;
That, in his nonage, Council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.²

1 Cit. So stood the State when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 Cit. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God
wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all ;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud :
And, were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand ;
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort³ it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :

² We may hope well of his government in all circumstances ; we may hope this of his Council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his riper years.

³ If God *allot* or ordain it so. *Sort* in the Latin sense of *sors*.

You cannot reason ⁴ almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still ⁵ is it so :
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.— Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of YORK,
Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night ;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince :
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother : *Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :*
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

⁴ *Reason*, again, for *talk* or *converse*. See page 178, note 12.

⁵ *Still*, here, is *always*, *continually*. Often so.

In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous¹ boy : — go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. —

Enter a Messenger.

What news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news, then ?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret;
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

¹ *Parlous* is a popular form of *perilous* ; jocularly used for *alarming*.

Mess.

The mighty Dukes

Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz.

For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed :

Why or for what these nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the downfall of our House !

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ;

Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and awless² throne :

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld !

My husband lost his life to get the crown ;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :

And, being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self : O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen ;

Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary. —

Madam, farewell.

Duch.

Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*To the Queen.*]

My gracious lady, go ;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

² *To jet upon* means here *boldly to encroach upon*. So in *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 1: "And think you not how dangerous it is to *jet upon* a prince's right?" And in an old manuscript play of *Sir Thomas More*: "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jettèd on* by straungers. — *Awless* is unreverenced, not looked upon with awe.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep : and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER,¹ CATESBY, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.²

Glos. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glos. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit ;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth³ with the heart.

¹ Thomas Bouchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

² London was anciently called *camera regis*, that is, *the king's chamber*. Thus in Buckingham's speech to the citizens as given by More : " The prince, by *this noble citie as his speciall chamber*, and the speciall well renowned citie of this realme, much honourable fame receiveth among all other nations."

³ To *jump* with is to *agree* or *correspond* with. So in *1 King Henry IV.*, i. 2 : " Well, Hal, well ; and in some sort it *jumps* with my humour." See, also, vol. iii. page 160, note 5.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

Glos. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all. — [Mayor and his Train retire.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : what, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ! — Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, — Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but, if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in Heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional ;⁴
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.⁵
You break not sanctuary in seizing him :
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it ;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men ;
But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once. —
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I will, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. —
[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glos. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two

⁴ *Ceremonious* for *superstitious*, or *tenacious of formalities* ; *traditional* for *adherent to received* customs.

⁵ *Weigh* is in the same construction with *are* in the second line before, the copulative *and* being understood. And to *weigh*, as the word is here used, is to *judge* or to *consider*. So that the sense of the whole is, "You are too much swayed by popular forms and traditions, and you judge the matter only in accordance with the gross and undistinguishing superstition which now prevails." Such is, in substance, Heath's explanation of the passage. See Critical Notes.

Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower ;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. —
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon recórd, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon recórd, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd⁶ to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glos. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
long.

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glos. I say, without charácters,⁷ fame lives long. —
[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice,⁸ Iniquity,

⁶ That is, *recounted*. Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, besides the verb *retail*, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaille* or *retell*. Richard uses the word again in the fourth Act, when speaking to the Queen of her daughter: "To whom I will *retail* my conquests won."

⁷ Without the help of *letters* or *inscriptions*. See vol. vii. page 256, note 5.

⁸ Of that distinguished personage, the Vice or Jester of the old Moralities, some account is given in vol. v. page 222, note 17. His part appears to have been on all occasions much the same, consisting in a given round or *set form* of action; for which cause, probably, the epithet *formal* is here applied to him. The following is Gifford's description of him: "He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office, — to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the Devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage, by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender."

I moralize two meanings in one word.⁹

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glos. [*Aside.*] Short Summers lightly¹⁰ have a forward
Spring.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, with the Cardinal and HASTINGS.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late¹¹ he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glos. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

⁹ Heath explains as follows : "Thus my moralities, or the sententious expressions I have just uttered, resemble those of the Vice, Iniquity, in the play; the indecencies which lie at the bottom are sheltered from exception and the indignation they would excite if nakedly delivered, under the ambiguity of a double meaning." The writer adds, "The term *moralize* is only introduced in allusion to the title of our old dramatic pieces, which were commonly called *Moralities*, in which the Vice was always one of the shining characters." It is to be noted further, that, as the Vice acted the part of a buffoon or jester, he was wont "to deal largely in double meanings, and by the help of them to aim at cracking a jest or raising a laugh."

¹⁰ *Lightly*, here, is *commonly* or *usually*. So in an old proverb preserved by Ray : "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder."

¹¹ *Too late* for *too lately*; meaning, it is too short a time since his death, not to be "to our grief, as it is yours."

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glos. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glos. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.

Glos. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glos. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glos. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.

Glos. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glos. It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.

York. I'd weigh it lightly, were it heavier.¹²

Glos. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as—as—you call
me.

Glos. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross¹³ in talk :
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :—

¹² York is playing on the word *lightly*, and means, in one sense, "I hold it cheap," or "I care little for it." So in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2: "You weigh me not!—O, that's you *care not* for me."

¹³ Cross in a logical sense, not in a moral; *opposing*, or speaking at *cross-purposes*; taking him in a wrong sense.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like an ape,¹⁴
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. [*Aside to HASTINGS.*] With what a sharp-provided
wit he reasons !¹⁵

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glos. My lord, will't please you pass along ?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glos. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glos. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Sennet. Exeunt the Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal,
and others ; also the Lord Mayor and his Train.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensèd by his subtle mother

¹⁴ York alludes to the hump on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens. So in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, 1576: "Thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's ape."

¹⁵ *Provided* seems to mean *furnished, pregnant, prompt* ; or it may be an instance of the passive form with an active sense, *forecasting, provident*. We have the former sense in *well-provided*, which means *well-furnished* or *well-supplied*.— Here, again, *reasons* has the sense, apparently, of *talks* or *converses*. See page 196, note 4.

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glos. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. — Come hither, Catesby. Thou
Art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way :
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle !

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then no more but this : go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glos. Commend me to Lord William : tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glos. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glos. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glos. Chop off his head, man : somewhat we will do :
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the King my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glos. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

SCENE II. — *Before Lord HASTINGS' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*Knocking.*] My lord ! my lord ! —

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the boar had rasèd¹ off his helm :
 Besides, he says there are two Councils held ;
 And that may be determined at the one
 Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
 If presently you will take horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the North,
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
 Bid him not fear the separated Councils :
 His Honour and myself are at the one,
 And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :²
 And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond³
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
 To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where he shall see the boar⁴ will use us kindly.

¹ *Rased* or *rashed* was a term commonly used to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. Nott derives it from *Arracher*, French, to *root up*, to *draw*, *tear*, or *pull up*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 3, 8 :

There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew ;
 And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and rying plates asonder.

² Without *example*, or without any matter-of-fact, to *instance*, or *allege in proof*. So in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 2, Ford says of his wife, "Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves."

³ *Fond*, here, as usual, is *foolish*, or *weak*.

⁴ Of course the *boar* is Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :
What news, what news, in this our tottering State ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the
crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cate. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof :
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries :
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you, —
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserved it. —

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on ; where is your boar-spear, man ?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good morrow ; — good morrow, Catesby : —
You may jest on, but, by the holy Rood,⁵
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure ;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt :
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !⁶
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my
lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

⁵ "The *Holy Rood*" is the *cross* or *crucifix*. A frequent oath.

⁶ To "prove a *needless* coward" here means, evidently, to prove a coward *needlessly* or *without cause*. Shakespeare has many instances of like construction.

Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*⁷

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good fellow. —

[*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY.

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it,⁸ to your Honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship !

[*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
I'm in your debt for your last exercise ;⁹
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

⁷ A *pursuivant* is now a State messenger, or one having authority to execute warrants : the word formerly meant a junior officer of the Heralds' College. In More's history this Pursuivant is spoken of as being also named Hastings.

⁸ "God hold it" is God *continue* it. — Gramercy, in the next line, is *great thanks* ; from the French *grand merci*.

⁹ *Exercise* here probably means *religious instruction*. — *Sir* was in common use as a clerical title. Thus we have *Sir* Oliver Martext in *As You Like It*, and *Sir* Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain !
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your Honour hath no shriving-work ¹⁰ in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it
not. —

Come, will you go ?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY,
and VAUGHAN *to Execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damnèd blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit ¹ of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls

¹⁰ *Shriving* or *shrift* is an old word for *confession* and *absolution*.

¹ *Limit*, here, is equivalent to *appointed time* ; to *appoint* being one of the old meanings of to *limit*. So in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1 : " Between which time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity," &c.

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;
 And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
 We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
 When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
 For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Bucking-
 ham,

Then cursed she Hastings : — O, remember, God,
 To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
 And, for my sister and her princely sons,
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
 Which, as Thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is expire.²

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan, — let us here em-
 brace :

Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of ELY*,³ RAT-
 CLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table ; Officers of the*
Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
 Is, to determine of the coronation.
 In God's name, speak ; when is the royal day ?

² *Expire* for *expired*, that is, *expired*. So, before, *convict* for *con-*
victed. See page 179, note 14.

³ Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was
 advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor
 in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme
 of putting an end to the long contest between the Houses of York and Lan-
 caster, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, the
 eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal agent in bringing that
 arrangement about.

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are ; and wants but nomination.⁴

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy⁵ day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward⁶ with the noble duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine. —
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well ;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glos. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper : but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,⁷ my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part, —
I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the King.

⁴ And there wants or is wanting but a *naming of the time*.

⁵ *Happy* here means *auspicious*, the same as the Latin *felix*.

⁶ *Inward*, as here used, is *intimate* or *confidential*. The same word occurs as a substantive with the same sense in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2 : "Sir, I was an *inward* of his." See, also, vol. ii. page 74, note 8.

⁷ An expression borrowed from the stage: the *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech being the last words, and so indicating to the next speaker when to *take his turn*.

Glos. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. —
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
I do beseech you send for some of them.⁸

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glos. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord ; I'll follow you.

[*Exit GLOSTER, followed by BUCKINGHAM.*

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter the Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster ?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day ;

⁸ This easy affability and smoothness of humour when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most telling strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related in the History : " These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteouslie, and excusing himselfe that had been from them so long, saieng merilie that he had beene a sleeper that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elie, My lord, you have verie good strawberries at your garden in Holborne ; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he ; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that ! And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberries."

There's some conceit or other likes⁹ him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he's offended ;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glos. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom th' offenders : whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.

Glos. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil :
Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord, —

Glos. If ! thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of *ifs* ? Thou art a traitor : —
Off with his head ! now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same. —
Lovel and Ratcliff,¹⁰ look that it be done : —

⁹ Some *thought* or *conception* that *pleases* him well. *Conceit* is generally so in old writers, and *likes* very often so.

¹⁰ In the preceding scene, we have Ratcliff at Pomfret, conducting Rivers,

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but HASTINGS, LOVEL, and RATCLIFF.*]

Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for me ;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse¹¹ did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triúmphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour. —
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Rat. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :
Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard ! — miserable England !

Grey, and Vaughan to death ; yet the events of that scene and this are represented as occurring the same day. Knight thinks "this is one of those positions in which the Poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge." It may be so, but it seems to me much more likely to have been a simple oversight on the Poet's part.

¹¹ A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing that covered the body of the horse, and reached nearly to the ground. A *foot-cloth horse* was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state ; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown,

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
 That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —
 Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :
 They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.¹² [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *The Same. The Tower-walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glos. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
 Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
 And then begin again, and stop again,
 As if thou wert distraught¹ and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
 Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
 Intending² deep suspicion : ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;
 And both are ready in their offices,
 At any time, to grace my stratagems.
 But what, is Catesby gone?

Glos. He is ; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. —

¹² William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.

¹ *Distraught* is an old form of *distracted*.

² *Intend* is repeatedly used by Shakespeare for *pretend*. So, again, in the seventh scene of this Act : "*Intend* some fear." Also, in *Lucrece* : "For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, *intending* weariness with heavy sprite." On the other hand, the Poet repeatedly has *pretend* and its derivatives in the sense of *intend*. See, also, vol. iv. page 186, note 2.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Lord Mayor, —

Glos. Look to the drawbridge there !

Buck.

Hark ! a drum.

Glos. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you, —

Glos. Look back, defend thee ; here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us !

Glos. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glos. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon the Earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd³ his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean, his conversation⁴ with Shore's wife, —
He lived from all attainder of suspect.⁵

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived. —
Would you imagine, or almost believe, —
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, — the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the Council-house,

³ To *daub* was used for to *disguise*, to *cover over*. So in *King Lear*, iv. 1 :
" I cannot *daub* it further." See vol. vi. page 85, note 9.

⁴ Familiar intercourse ; what is now called *criminal conversation*. —
Apparent, again, in the sense of *manifest*. See page 193, note 15.

⁵ *Suspect* for *suspicion*. So, before, in i. 3 : " You do me shameful injury,
falsely to draw me in these vile *suspects*."

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. What, had he so?

Glos. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the éxtreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you ! he deserved his death ;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end ;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, have⁶ prevented ;

Because, my lord, we would have had you hear

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason ;

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak ;

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glos. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

⁶ Properly it should be *has*. But the old writers have many such instances where the verb is made to agree with the nearest substantive, as with *friends* here, instead of its proper subject.

Buck. But since you come too late of⁷ our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glos. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer⁸ the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.⁹
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;

⁷ In common speech a similar phrase is used, "to come *short of* a thing."

⁸ *Infer* is here used in the sense of *introduce* or *bring forward* ; one of its Latin senses. So in iv. 4, of this play : "*Infer* fair England's peace by this alliance."

⁹ This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an Act of Parliament.

Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glos. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;¹⁰
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learnèd bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

Glos. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To CATE.*] Go thou to Friar Penker:¹¹—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.—

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, CATESBY, and RATCLIFF.

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice that no manner person¹²
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

¹⁰ This castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman who is said to have come in with William the Conqueror. It stood on the bank of the river in Thames-street, but has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London.

¹¹ Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor; Penker, according to Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular preachers of the time.

¹² The expression "no manner person" is according to the idiom of the time.—"The brats of Clarence" were Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.

SCENE VI. — *The Same. A Street.**Enter a Scrivener.*¹

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,²
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The precedent³ was full as long a-doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while ! Why, who's so gross
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.⁴ [*Exit.*

¹ A *scrivener* is, literally, a *writer* or a *scribe*. The term was applied to a class of men whose special business it was to draw up or to transcribe legal writings and instruments.

² To *engross*, as the word is here used, is to copy legal or other documents in a clear, legible hand for public use. — In the olden time, St. Paul's Cathedral was used as a sort of exchange, and all sorts of notices were posted there for the public eye. The edifice was not used in Shakespeare's time, it having been set on fire by a stroke of lightning and the roof burnt off early in Elizabeth's reign. The present St. Paul's was not built till the time of Charles the Second.

³ The original draft from which the copy was made.

⁴ "Seen in *thought* is seen in *silence*." — I am not certain whether the last word of the preceding line should be *nought* or *naught*. With the latter, the sense is about the same as in our phrase of "going to the *bad*." See page 145, note 17.

SCENE VII. — *The Same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glos. How now, how now ! what say the citizens ?

Buck. Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glos. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,⁵
And his contract by deputy in France ;
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,⁶
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke :
Withal I did infer⁷ your lineaments,
Being the right idea⁸ of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose

⁵ The King had been familiar with this lady before his marriage with the present Queen, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her. Edward, however, had been married to Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only Parliament convened by Richard ; but nothing was said of Elizabeth Lucy.

⁶ This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal.

⁷ *Infer* again as explained in note 8, page 221.

⁸ *Idea* is here used in the right classic sense of *image* or *likeness*.

Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse :
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal King!*

Glos. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But, like dumb statuas⁹ or breathing stones,
Stared each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence :
His answer was, The people were not used
To be spoke to but by the récorde.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again :
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few :
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard :
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glos. What tongueless blocks were they ! would they not speak ?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glos. Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren, come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear ;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
And look you get a Prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen,¹⁰ good my lord ;

⁹ *Statue* was very often written and printed *statua*, as a trisyllable.

¹⁰ *Churchmen* was formerly used of what are now called clergymen.

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :¹¹
And be not easily won to our request ;
Play the maid's part ; still answer nay, and take it.

Glos. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ;¹² the Lord Mayor knocks.—
[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day :
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

¹¹ *Ground* and *descant* were technical terms in music ; the former meaning the original air, the latter the variations. See vol. i. page 171, note 10.

¹² Formerly many buildings were roofed with lead. "Up to the *leads*" therefore means up to the *roof*, or close under the *eaves* ; the topmost part of the building.

But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross¹³ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof ;
But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again. —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace ?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before :
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his Grace. —

[*Exit CATESBY.*

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :

¹³ That is, to pamper, fatten, or *make gross*.

And, see, a book of prayer¹⁴ in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glos. My lord, there needs no such apology :
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glos. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord : would it might please your
Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glos. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—
Which here we waken to our country's good,—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

¹⁴ *Prayer* is used by Shakespeare as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse. Here it is a dissyllable. The same of *hour*, *fire*, *even*, *given*, *power*, *flower*, *toward* or *towards*, and sundry others.

And almost shoulder'd in¹⁵ the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
 Which to recure,¹⁶ we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land ;
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glos. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore, — to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last, —

¹⁵ *In* for *into*, the two being often used indiscriminately. — To *shoulder*, as the word is here used, is to *thrust* or *heave* by force or violence. Steevens quotes a similar expression from Lyson's *Environs of London* : " Lyke tyrants and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche." — In the preceding line, *graft* for *grafted*, as before *convict* for *convicted*. See page 179, note 14.

¹⁶ To *recure* is to *recover*. Spenser has the word repeatedly in the same sense. So *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 12, 19 :

Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
 Labour'd in vaine to have *recur'd* their prize.

Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable¹⁷ shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe *révenue* and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness —
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea —
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
And much I need, to help you, were there need :¹⁸
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend¹⁹ that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice²⁰ and trivial,
All circumstances well consideréd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first he was contráct to Lady Lucy, —
Your mother lives a witness to his vow, —

¹⁷ *Unmeritable* for *unmeriting*. This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms has been repeatedly noted. See vol. iv. page 15, note 15.

¹⁸ "And I fall far short of the ability to help you, if help were needed."

¹⁹ "God defend" is the same as *God forbid*. Repeatedly used thus by Shakespeare ; and a common usage of the time.

²⁰ *Respects* for *considerations* ; a frequent sense of the word. — *Nice* here means *unimportant*, or, perhaps, *over-scrupulous*.

And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy :
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,²¹
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Glos. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,

²¹ Buckingham here hints at the pretended illegitimacy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive" he means the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. See near the close of scene 5, "Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person," &c.

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,²²
 Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally indeed to all estates ;—
 Yet, whether you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our King ;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your House :
 And in this resolution here we leave you.—
 Come, citizens : zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

Glos. O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM : *the* Mayor, Aldermen, and
 Citizens *retiring*.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit :
 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glos. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
 Call them again.

[*CATESBY goes to the Mayor, &c., and then exit.*

— I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY ; *the* Mayor, &c., *coming*
forward.

Cousin of Buckingham, — and sage, grave men, —
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whêr I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load :
 But, if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance²³ me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
 For God he knows, and you may partly see,

²² *Remorse*, again, for *pity* or *compassion*. See page 154, note 16.

²³ *Acquittance* for *acquit*, because the verse wanted a trisyllable.

How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glos. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title :

Long live King Richard, England's worthy King !

Mayor, &c. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glos. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace :

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glos. [*To the Bishops.*] Come, let us to our holy work again. —

Farewell, good cousin ; — farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *London. Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and DORSET ; on the other, ANNE Duchess of GLOSTER,¹ leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ? my niece ² Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes. —
Daughter, well met.

¹ We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first Act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

² The Duchess is speaking to what we should call her grand-daughter. But the words *grand-son*, *grand-daughter*, *grand-children*, are not used by Shakespeare at all ; their places being supplied by *nephew* and *niece* ; sometimes by *cousin*.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day !

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister ! Whither away ?

Anne. No further than the Tower ; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks : we'll enter all together :
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York ?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The King hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King ! who's that ?

Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title !
Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?
I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother ; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :
Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so :³
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens. —

³ He refers to his office or charge, which she has offered to take upon herself at her own risk or peril.

[To ANNE.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownèd Richard's royal Queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer :—môther, how fares your Grace ?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence !
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell :

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam. —

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way :

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery ! —

O my accursèd womb, the bed of death !

A cockatrice⁴ hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go. —

⁴ The *cockatrice* was so called from its fabled generation from the egg of a cock ; the term being derived from *cock* and *atter*, Anglo-Saxon for *adder*. *Cockatrice*, it seems, was but another name for the *basilisk*. So in Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Book iii. chap. 7 : " Many opinions are passant concerning the *basilisk*, or little king of serpents, commonly called the *cockatrice*." And again : " As for the generation of the *basilisk*, that it proceedeth from a *cock's egg*, hatched under a toad or serpent, it is a conceit as monstrous as the brood itself." See page 154, note 15.

O, would to God that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal that must round my brow
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !⁵
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say, *God save the Queen !*

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ? When he that is my husband now
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
 Which issued from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish : *Be thou, quoth I, accursed,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife — if any be so mad —
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,
 Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest ;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
 But have been wakèd by his timorous dreams.⁶

⁵ She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or other criminals, by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot upon his head. In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torments, a *burning crown* is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. The Earl of Athol, who was executed for the murder of James I., King of Scots, was previous to death crowned with a hot iron.

⁶ This is from the History : " He tooke ill rest a nights, laie long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it !

Duch. [*To DORSET.*] Go thou to Richmond, and good
fortune guide thee !—

[*To ANNE.*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend
thee !—

[*To ELIZABETH.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts
possess thee !—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years⁷ of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.⁸

Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immured within your walls !

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

slept, *troubled with fearfull dreames*, suddenlie sometime start up, lept out of his bed, and ran about the chamber ; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormie remembrance of his abominable deed."

⁷ Shakespeare seems here to have spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose she was not older : nor did she go speedily to the grave ; she lived till 1495.

⁸ *Teen* seems to have been rather a favourite word with the Poet for *grief* or *sorrow*. See vol. vii. page 17, note 15.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, crowned; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Ascends the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,¹
To try if thou be current gold indeed :

Young Edward lives ; think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king? 'tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live ! *True, noble prince!*—

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly,² be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,

¹ To *play the touch* is to do the office of the *touchstone*, that is, a test, to prove the quality of a thing.

² *Suddenly* is here the same as *quickly*.

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve³ your Grace immediately. [Exit.

Cate. [*Aside to another.*] The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys :⁴ [*Descends from his throne.*
none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes :
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. —
Boy ! —

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go call him hither.—

[Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty⁵ Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so. —

Enter STANLEY.

How now ! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled

³ *Resolve* in the sense of *inform* or *satisfy*; a frequent usage.

⁴ *Unrespective* is *inconsiderate* or *unthoughtful*; in accordance with the old use of *respect*. See page 230, note 20.

⁵ *Witty* was employed to signify a *man of sagacity, wisdom, or judgment*; or, as Baret defines it, "*having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie.*"

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby : rumour it abroad
'That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter ;
'The boy is foolish,⁶ and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out
'That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die :
About it ; for it stands me much upon,⁷
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. —

[*Exit* CATESBY.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin :
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

Re-enter the Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed ?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

⁶ This youth, who is known in history as Edward Earl of Warwick, was at that time but about ten years old. He was put to death by Henry VII. in 1499; he being then the only surviving male of the Plantagenet name. The chroniclers represent him as little better than an idiot; but his stupidity was most likely the result of cruel treatment; he being confined immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education totally neglected. It was the interest of the reigning powers to make him "foolish," or at least to have him thought so.

⁷ This is an old idiomatic phrase for *it behoves me*, or, as we should now say, *it stands me in hand*.

Tyr. Ay, my lord ;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request ?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king ! — perhaps —

Buck. My lord, —

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord, —

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,⁸ thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM.*]

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock,⁹ while my fearful head is on! [Exit.

⁸ This alludes to the *Jack of the clock*, which was a figure made in old clocks to strike the bell on the outside. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automaton, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. The following passage from Cotgrave will further elucidate its meaning: "A *jacke of the clocke-house*"; a little busie-body, medler, *jack-stickler*; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish."

⁹ *Brecknock* was the name of Buckingham's castle in Wales.

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the Palace.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd ¹ villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O, thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes, —
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind ;
But, O, the Devil — there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on : *We smother'd*
The most replenish'd sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,²
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King :
And here he comes. —

¹ The verb to *flesh* is defined by Richardson "to train, to inure, to indulge, to glut or satiate." So in *Henry V.*, iii. 1 : "And the *flesh'd* soldier rough and hard of heart," &c. Also in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret* :

Both which were *flesht* abundantly with blood
In those three battles they had won before.

² "Conscience and remorse" probably means what we call remorse of conscience, or, simply, remorse.

Enter King RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at ³ after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;⁴
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne ⁵ Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

³ Shakespeare has the phrase *soon* at several times in the sense of *about*. See vol. iii. page 146, note 1.

⁴ The daughter of Clarence was in fact married to Sir Richard Pole, and hence became the mother of Cardinal Pole. Sir Richard was half-brother to the Countess of Richmond.

⁵ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the Court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord, —

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Ely is fled to Richmond ;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;⁶
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !⁷
Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;⁸
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.⁹ [*Exeunt.*

⁶ *Fearful commenting* is timorous or cowardly reflection or deliberation ; *leaden* of course is heavy or sluggish ; *servitor* is an old form for *servant* ; used whenever a trisyllable is wanted with that meaning ; and *delay* is put for *procrastination* or reluctance to act. So that the sense is, cowardly deliberation is the tardy, lingering slave of a procrastinating spirit or master. The meaning of the next line is, that procrastination leads on to or superinduces feeble and creeping or slow-footed beggary.

⁷ "Let my action be winged with the speed of lightning." Mercury was the old god of dispatch, and so was Jupiter's expressman. The text is made somewhat obscure by the omission of the relative ; the sense being "expedition *who is* Jove's Mercury, and *so is* a king's proper herald."

⁸ "My shield is my counsel, and shall deliberate the matter for me." He means that he is going to discuss or debate the issue not with words, but with knocks.

⁹ To "brave the field" is, probably, to *challenge, dare, or defy* one to the field or to battle. — *Brief*, again, for *quick* or *speedy*.

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Before the Palace.**Enter Queen MARGARET.*

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction¹ am I witness to,
And will to France ; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes here ?

*[Retires.]**Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor Princes ! ah, my tender babes !
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Hover about her ; say, that right for
right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.²

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet doth quit³ Plantagenet,

¹ *Induction* here is *prologue* or *preparation*. See page 143, note 7.

² Meaning, apparently, that the Divine Justice, which was alleged in i. 3, as having righted others against her, and avenged the death of Rutland by that of her son Edward, is now turning upon her side, and righting her against others.

³ To *quit* was often used for to *acquit*, and also for to *requite*. Here it may have either sense ; perhaps it has both senses. Margaret may regard

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst Thou sleep while such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,⁴ [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,⁵
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him :

the death of her Edward as having been *avenged* by that of the other Edward ; or she may think of the latter as offsetting, or atoning for, the former : so that the requital may itself serve for an acquittal. — To "pay a dying debt" is, I suppose, to pay a debt by dying.

⁴ It is not very apparent why, or in what sense, *lawful* is here used : perhaps merely for a verbal antithesis to *unlawful*. Or is the speaker regarding England as the proper seat of order and law?

⁵ *Seniory* is but a shortened form of *seniority*. — *Ancient* here has the sense of *aged* or *veteran*. Margaret's sorrow is *older* than that of the others. — To "frown on the upper hand" is to have precedence in the right of expression.

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;
 I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
 That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,⁶
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;
 That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;
 That excellent-grand tyrant of the Earth,
 That reigns in gallèd eyes⁷ of weeping souls ;
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank Thee, that this carnal⁸ cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pew-fellow⁹ with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triúmph not in my woes !
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.

⁶ Alluding to the tradition that Richard, at his birth, had his mouth armed with teeth. So, in v. 6, of the preceding play, Richard says in reference to his birth,

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !
 And so I was ; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

⁷ Eyes inflamed with weeping, or made red with " eye-offending brine." So in *Hamlet*, i. 2 : " The salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes."

⁸ *Carnal* for *sanguinary* or *blood-thirsty* ; as in *Hamlet*, v. 2 : " So shall you hear of *carnal*, bloody, and unnatural acts."

⁹ *Pew-fellow* is *companion* or *participator*. The Poet has *coach-fellow* in the same sense, apparently.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
 Young York he is but boot,¹⁰ because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss :
 Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 Th' adulterate¹¹ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, Hell's black intelligencer ;
 Only reserved their¹² factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
 Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. —
 Cancel his bond of life,¹³ dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, *The dog is dead !*

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune ;
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;
 The presentation of but what I was ;
 The flattering index of a direful pageant ;¹⁴
 One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes ;

¹⁰ *Boot* is an old word for any thing thrown into a bargain.

¹¹ *Adulterate* is stained with adultery. Alluding to Jane Shore.

¹² *Their* refers to *Hell*, which is used as a collective noun. — *Intelligencer* sometimes has the sense of *intelligencing* or *giving intelligence*. Here it seems to mean *spokesman*, *mouth-piece*, or *organ of communication*. — Of course *factor* is *agent*.

¹³ The image is of a deed or indenture securing a life-tenure of property. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 2 : "*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond* which keeps me paled."

¹⁴ The *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited. See page 194, note 17.

A dream of what thou wert ; a breath, a bubble ;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;¹⁵
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues to thee, and cries, *God save the Queen ?*
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this¹⁶ and see what now thou art :
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one being sued-to, one that humbly sues ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife ; and queen of sad mischance :
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well-skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;

¹⁵ Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were intrusted.

¹⁶ That is, run it through all the moods and tenses.

Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is :
 Bettering¹⁷ thy loss makes the bad-causer worse :
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like
 mine. *[Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys¹⁸ to their client woes,
 Airy succeeders of intestate joys,¹⁹

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.²⁰

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.

I hear his drum : be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

¹⁷ *Bettering* is here used in the sense of *exaggerating* or *magnifying*.
 "The greater you conceive your loss to be, the worse the author of it will seem."

¹⁸ Words are called "*windy attorneys*," because they are made up of wind. In his *Venus and Adonis* the Poet figures the tongue as the heart's attorney :

But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
 The *client* breaks, as desperate of his suit.

¹⁹ The joys, being all consumed and passed away, have died intestate ; that is, have made no will, having nothing to bequeath ; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

²⁰ This seems to have been rather a favourite idea with the Poet. So in *Macbeth*, iv. 3 :

Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done !

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !
Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : strike, I say !—

[*Flourish. Alarum.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,²¹
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak !

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

²¹ A *smack* or *spice* of your *disposition* or *temper*. For this use of *condition* see vol. v. page 23, note 25.

Duch. No, by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on Earth to make the Earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred :
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower,²² that call'd
your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. —
Strike up the drum.

Duch. ; I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ;

²² So printed in the old copies. No satisfactory explanation of the passage has yet been discovered. A part of St. Paul's Cathedral was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, because Humphrey, sometime Duke of Gloucester, was supposed to be buried there. As the old Cathedral was a place of great resort, those who were hard up for a dinner used to saunter there, perhaps in the hope of being asked to dinner by some of their acquaintance. Hence grew the phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey," used of those who thus "waited upon Providence" for a chance to eat. And Steevens thinks that "Shakespeare might by this strange phrase, *Humphrey Hour*, have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of Duke Humphrey." Singer thinks "it is possible that by *Humphrey Hower* Richard alludes to the hour of his birth, the *hour* after which his mother ate out of his company." And he quotes the old vulgar saying, that a teeming woman feeds two. According to this, *Humphrey Hower* might be meant as the name of the physician who attended the Duchess when her Richard was born. Staunton "apprehends that *Humphrey Hour* was nothing more than a cant phrase for *eating-hour*." None of these explanations can hold my assent, nor can I think of any better.

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and éxtreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the cômplete armour that thou wear'st !
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

[Going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty :
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the vale of infamy :
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided²³ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly,²⁴ gave direction :

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still²⁵ use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise

And dangerous success of bloody wars,²⁶

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd !

²³ *Unavoided* for *unavoidable*. So the endings *-ed* and *-able* were often used indiscriminately. See vol. viii. page 84, note 2.

²⁴ *Indirectly* here means *wrongfully* or *wickedly* ; probably used for a sort of jingle with *direction*. It may be worth noting, however, that the radical sense of *right*, as also of *direct*, is *straight* ; while that of *wrong*, as also of *indirect*, is *crooked*.

²⁵ The use of *still* for *continually* is very frequent : here it is used as an adjective with the same sense, *continual*.

²⁶ That is, the bloody wars that are to *follow* ; *success* being used in the Latin sense of *succession* or *sequel*. See vol. iv. page 226, note 14.

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this Earth's glory.²⁷

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise²⁸ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul :
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;
And, from my heart's love,²⁹ I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : who else should
be?

²⁷ That is, the *crown*, the emblem of royalty.

²⁸ To *demise* is to *grant*, from *demittere*, Latin.

²⁹ The Queen is quibbling between the different senses of *from* ; one of which is *out of*, as when we say, "Speak the truth *from* the heart" ; the other, that of separation or distance, as when Hamlet says "any thing so overdone is *from the purpose* of playing."

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even I : what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engraved
Edward and York ; then haply will she weep :
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There's no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended :
Men shall³⁰ deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

³⁰ *Shall* for *will* ; the two being often used indiscriminately.—*Unadvisedly* in the old sense of *inconsiderately*, *rashly*, or *imprudently*. See page 171, note 25.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
'To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter :
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain, — save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid³¹ like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth ;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

³¹ "Endured of her" is the same as endured *by* her; *of* being formerly used in such cases to denote the relation of agent. — *Bid* is an old preterite form for *bided*, *suffered*, or *endured*.

Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And, when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail³² my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title³³ *ever* last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthen it.

Q. Eliz. As long as Hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject now.

³² *Retail*, again, for *recount* or *tell over*. See page 202, note 6.

³³ The word *title* is here used in a legal or forensic sense, for interest in an estate. So says Heath.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;³⁴

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George,³⁵ my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. — I swear —

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath :

Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,

Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.

K. Rich. Why, then by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

³⁴ The Queen implies an equivocal on *quick*, which is used by Richard in the sense of *prompt*, *nimble*, or *rash* ; and she plays between this sense and that of *alive*.

³⁵ This was a figure or image of St. George on horseback, which was worn as a badge by Knights of the Garter.

The unity the King thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child ;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich.

The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrongèd in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours !
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding !—if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
It cannot be avoided but by this ;
It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
Be the attorney of my love to her :
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urges the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond³⁶ in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them :
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomfiture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.³⁷

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so, farewell.—

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Queen ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman !—

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore

³⁶ Both *fond* and *peevish* are often used by Shakespeare for *foolish*. So in scene 2 of this Act: "When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy." The compound seems to have about the same meaning as *childish-foolish*, which occurs in i. 3, of this play. Or *peevish* may here have the sense of *perverse*.

³⁷ This representation is in substance historical ; and some of the old chroniclers are rather hard on Elizabeth for thus yielding to Richard's persuasions. But there is good reason to think that she outwitted him, and that her consent was but feigned in order to gain time, and to save her daughter from the fate that had overtaken her sons.

Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd and unresolved to beat them back :
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull,³⁸ expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk : —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke. — [*To RATCLIFF.*] Post thou to Salisbury :

When thou comest thither, — [*To CATESBY.*] Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby : bid him levy straight The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed. — Stanley, what news with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ; Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad ! What need'st thou run so many miles about,

³⁸ A ship is said to *hull* when she hauls in her sails, and lays-to, without coming to anchor, and so floats hither and thither as the waves carry her. See vol. v. page 158, note 18. — *Expecting*, here, is *waiting for*. Repeatedly so.

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate!³⁹ what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's King but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that⁴⁰ he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cônducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,

³⁹ *Runagate* is *runaway* or *vagabond*. *White-liver'd*, *lily-liver'd*, and *milk-liver'd* are terms denoting extreme cowardice. In v. 3, Richard calls Richmond "a milksop." Richmond had in fact escaped the fate of the Lancastrian leaders by fleeing into France.

⁴⁰ The words *for that* are here equivalent to *because*; a common usage with the old writers. Richard chooses to take the phrase in another sense than Stanley had meant.

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértisé,⁴¹
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors⁴²
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ?⁴³
[*Strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,

⁴¹ *Advertised* for *informed*, *notified*, or *instructed*, occurs repeatedly.

⁴² *Competitors* for *confederates* or *partners*. See vol. v. page 217, note 3

⁴³ The owl's note or hoot was considered ominous or ill-boding.

Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advisèd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party :⁴⁴ he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, —
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.⁴⁵

⁴⁴ " Upon his party " is to take part with him ; to fight on his side.

⁴⁵ The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of Henry the Fifth and mother of Henry the Sixth.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we reason here,⁴⁶
A royal battle might be won and lost : —
Some one take order⁴⁷ Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.*

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :
That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-West,¹ in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many more of noble fame and worth :
And towards London they do bend² their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Return unto thy lord ; commend me to him :
Tell him the Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve³ him of my mind. [*Giving letters.*
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

⁴⁶ That is, " while we are talking here." See page 196, note 4.

⁴⁷ To *take order* is, in old English, to adopt measures, or give directions.

¹ This name in full is *Haverford-West* ; shortened for metre's sake, of course. The place lies nearly north of Pembroke.

² To *bend* occurs often in the sense of to *direct*.

³ *Resolve*, again, for *inform* or *satisfy*. See page 239, note 3.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Salisbury. An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to Execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey, Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice, — If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction ! — This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day¹ is my body's doomsday. This is the day that, in King Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies ; This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him I trusted most ; This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul Is the determined respite of my wrongs :² That high All-seer that I dallied with Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men

¹ Buckingham was executed on All-Saints' day, November 1, 1483.

² That is, "the close or termination of the period for which the punishment of my crimes was deferred." See vol. vi. page 182, note 11.

To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck :
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess. —*
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND,³ OXFORD,⁴ Sir
JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with
Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment ;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoils your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, — this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

³ It has already been noted that on his father's side the Earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI. and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.

⁴ This Earl of Oxford was John de Vere, whose character, together with that of his son Arthur, is so finely delineated in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*.

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
 To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
 Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Bosworth Field.*

*Enter King RICHARD and Forces, the Duke of NORFOLK,
 Earl of SURREY, and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
 field. —

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks ; ha ! must we
 not ?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent ! here will I lie to-night ;

[*Soldiers begin to set up his tent.*]

But where to-morrow ? Well, all's one for that. —

Who hath descried the number of the traitors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account :¹
 Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse party want. —
 Up with the tent ! — Come, noble gentlemen,
 Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;
 Call for some men of sound direction :²
 Let's lack no discipline, make no delay ;
 For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND's tent.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit³ each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small power. —
 My Lord of Oxford, — you, Sir William Brandon, —
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, — stay with me. —
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :⁴ —

¹ Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

² Men of tried judgment and approved military skill.

³ That is, *direct* or *appoint* the leaders what part they are *separately* to perform in the forthcoming conflict. The Poet has to *limit* repeatedly so. See page 212, note 1.

⁴ "*Keeps his regiment*" is, in our phrase, *remains with his command*; *regiment* being used, not for the regimental portion of an army, but in the old sense of *government*. So, in the next speech, it is said that Lord Stanley's "*regiment* lies half a mile at least south from the mighty power of the King. — *Keep* is repeatedly used by the Poet for *dwelt* or *stay*.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Catesby, —

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. — [*Exit* CATESBY.
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch.⁷ —
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves⁸ be sound, and not too heavy. —
Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumber-
land?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time,⁹ from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. — Give me a bowl of wine :

⁷ In calling for a *watch* Richard evidently does not mean a *sentinel*; for that guard should be kept about his tent was a matter of course. The *watch* called for is, no doubt, a *watch-light*, which was a night-candle so marked as to indicate how long it had burned, and thus serve the purpose of a modern *watch*.

⁸ That is, the *staves* or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

⁹ A *cock-shut* was a large net stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks "take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare, through a wood or range of trees, they venture through." The artificial glades made for them to pass through were called *cock-roads*. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. [*Wine brought.*
Well, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me. — Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD, retires into his tent, and sleeps.*

Exeunt RATCLIFF and others.

RICHMOND'S *tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, — for so the season bids us be, —
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.¹⁰
I, as I may, — that which I would I cannot, —
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

¹⁰ "*Mortal staring war*" sounds rather odd and harsh, but probably means war looking with *deadly* eye, or staring *fatally*, on its victims. So the Poet very often uses *mortal* for that which *kills*, not that which *dies*.

Farewell : the leisure¹¹ and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon :
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise¹² me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen. —

[*Exeunt Officers, &c., with STANLEY.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
'Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory !
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

[*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, son to King HENRY the Sixth,
rises between the two tents.*

Ghost of P. E. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow !

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die ! —

¹¹ We still have a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem : "I would do this if *leisure* would permit" ; where *leisure* stands for *want of leisure*. So in *King Richard II.*, i. 1 : "Which then our *leisure* would not let us hear." See vol. v. page 55, note 7.

¹² *Peise* is an old form of *poise*, *weigh* ; much used in the Poet's time.

[To RICHM.] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wrongèd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost of K. H. [To K. RICH.] When I was mortal, my
anointed body
By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die ;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !—
[To RICHM.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep : live thou, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost of C. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow !
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,¹³
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—
[To RICHM.] Thou offspring of the House of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Ghost of R. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !

¹³ *Fulsome* probably has reference to the qualities of Malmsey wine, which was peculiarly sweet and luscious, so much so as to cloy the appetite after a little drinking. — The Poet has represented Clarence as having been killed before he was thrown into the butt of wine. But one report gave it that he was drowned in such a cask of drink.

Ghost of G. [To K. RICH.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

Ghost of V. [To K. RICH.] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy pointless lance : despair, and die !

All three. [To RICHM.] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost of H. [To K. RICH.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on Lord Hastings : so despair, and die !—

[To RICHM.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts of the two P. [To K. RICH.] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !—

[To RICHM.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost of Q. A. [To K. RICH.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die ! —
 [To RICHM.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
 Dream of success and happy victory !
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost of B. [To K. RICH.] The first was I that help'd
 thee to the crown ;
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath ! —
 [To RICHM.] I died for hope¹⁴ ere I could lend thee aid :
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side !
 And Richard fall in height of all his pride !¹⁵

[The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts out of his dream.]

K. Rich. Give me another horse, — bind up my wounds, —
 Have mercy, Jesu ! — Soft ! I did but dream. —
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! —
 The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.

¹⁴ Buckingham's *hope* of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms : he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died *for* hope ; hope being the *cause* which led to that event.

¹⁵ In this series of speeches the Poet has with happy effect given a " local habitation and a name " to what is thus stated in the *Chronicles* : " The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame ; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo."

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all *Guilty! guilty!*
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?¹⁶

Re-enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

¹⁶ In this strange speech there are some ten lines in or near the Poet's best style; the others are in his worst; so inferior indeed, that it is not easy to understand how Shakespeare could have written them at all.

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear !

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof¹⁷ and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and RATCLIFF*

Re-enter OXFORD, with other Lords, &c.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm. [*Waking.*] Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried, *On! victory!*
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

¹⁷ "Armèd in *proof*" is encased in armour that is proof against warlike weapons. Probably the phrase is meant to include offensive as well as defensive armour.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—

[*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure¹⁸ and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon : yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side ;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow :
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;¹⁹
One that hath ever been God's enemy :
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as His soldiers ;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit²⁰ it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

¹⁸ *Leisure*, again, for want of *leisure*. See page 275, note 11.

¹⁹ " England's *chair* " is the *throne*. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright-coloured *foil* under them.

²⁰ *Quit*, again, in the sense of *requite*. See page 246, note 3.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof. —
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully ;
God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smiled, and said, *The better for our purpose.*

K. Rich. He was i' the right ; and so indeed it is. —

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —

Who saw the Sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,
He should have braved²¹ the East an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. —

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; — caparison my horse ; —

²¹ To *brave* is, in one of its senses, to *make fine, splendid, or glorious.*

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderéd :
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot ;
Our archers shall be placèd in the midst :
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle ; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest Horse.
This, and Saint George to boot !²² — What think'st thou,
Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. —

This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. [*Reads.*] *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*²³

A thing devisèd by the enemy. —

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devisèd at first to keep the strong in awe :
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. —

²² This, and Saint George to help us, into the bargain.

²³ So in the *Chronicles* : " John duke of Norffolke was warned by diverse to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king, one wrote this rime upon his gate :

Jocke of Norffolke, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold."

Jocky and *Dickon* were familiar forms of *John* and *Richard*. — *Bought and sold* was a sort of proverbial phrase for *hopelessly ruined by treacherous practices*.

[*To his Soldiers.*] What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?²⁴
 Remember whom you are to cope withal;
 A sort²⁵ of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Bretagnes, and base lacquey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyèd country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
 They would distrain²⁶ the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?²⁷
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

²⁴ Here again we have *inferr'd* for *brought forward* or *alleged*.

²⁵ *Sort* here means *crew*, *pack*, or *set*. So in *2 Henry VI.*, iii. 2: "He was the lord ambassador sent from a *sort* of tinkers to the King." And in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2, Puck describes Bottom as "the shal-lowest thickskin of that barren *sort*"; referring to the "crew of patches" who are getting up the interlude of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

²⁶ *Distrain* is here used in its old sense of *lawless seizure*. See vol. viii. page 23, note 12.

²⁷ This should be "at our *brother's* cost." Richmond was in fact held in a sort of honourable custody at the Duke of Bretagne's Court, his means being supplied by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was Richard's brother-in-law. Hall gives the matter thus: "And to begyn with the earle of Richmond Captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh mylkesoppe, a man of small courage, and of lesse experience in marcyall acts and feates of warr, brought up by my brothers meanes and myne like a captive in a close cage in the court of Frances duke of Britaine." Holinshed copied Hall's account, but in Holinshed's second edition "*moothers* meanes" got misprinted for "*brothers* meanes"; and hence the Poet's mistake.

And not these bastard Bretagnes ; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark ! I hear
their drum. —

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !²⁸ —

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :²⁹
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

²⁸ Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.

²⁹ Betweene both armies there was a great marish, which the earle of Richmond left on his right hand ; for this intent, that it should be on that side a defense for his part, and in so dooing he had the sunne at his backe, and in the faces of his enimies. When king Richard saw the earles companie was passed the marish, he did command with all hast to set upon them. — HOLINSHED.

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums : excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces ; to him
CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger :¹
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.² —
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [Exeunt.

¹ The Poet repeatedly uses *opposite* for *opponent* or *adversary*. So that "daring an opposite to every danger" probably means *offering himself as an opponent in every danger*, or, which comes to the same thing, challenging every dangerous antagonist to fight with him.

² Shakespeare employs this incident with historical propriety in *The First Part of King Henry IV.* He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to the *Chronicles*, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was ; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him ; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last.

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, King RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND, with STANLEY bearing the crown, and divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit³ thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpèd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all!—
But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if't please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births—
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

³ *Acquit* for *acquitted*. See page 179, note 14, and page 213, note 2.

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House,—
Divided in their dire division,—
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs—God, if Thy will be so—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
Abate⁴ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce⁵ these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say Amen ! [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Abate* here means *make dull*, like *rebate*. So, in *Love's Labours Lost*, i. 1: "That honour which shall '*bate* his scythe's keen edge." Also, in the novel of *Pericles*, 1608: "Absence *abates* that edge that presence whets." And Florio: "Spontare,—*to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint.*"

⁵ *Reduce*, again, in the Latin sense of *bring back*. See page 191, note 10.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 144. *That tempers him to this extremity.* — So the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598 corrupted *tempers* into *tempts*, thus leaving the verse defective; and the folio, to complete the verse, printed "*That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.*"

P. 145. *Beseech your Graces both to pardon me.* — The old copies have "*I beseech.*" In such phrases as "*I beseech,*" "*I pray,*" &c., the elision of the pronoun is too common in Shakespeare to need any special remark.

P. 145. *Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous.* — The folio has *jealous*; and, as a trisyllable is wanted here to complete the verse, perhaps it should be printed so. Walker asks, "*Why not write jealous in this place?*"

P. 145. *And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.* — The old copies read "*And that the Queenes Kindred.*" But the repetition of *that* is needless as regards the sense, and defeats the rhythm of the line.

P. 146. *Beseech your Grace to pardon me.* — Here, again, the old editions have "*I beseech,*" and "*I do beseech.*"

P. 147. *Till George be pack'd with post-haste up to Heaven.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *post-horse* instead of *post-haste*. In support of the old reading, Dyce quotes from the Induction to *2 King Henry IV.*, where Rumour speaks of "*Making the wind my post-horse.*" But it seems to me that the two cases are by no means parallel: there the *instrument* of motion was to be expressed, here the *manner*.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 153. *Thou wast the cause, and most accursed th' effect.*—So Hanmer. The old text reads “Thou was’t the cause, and most accurst effect.”

P. 153. *To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.*—So the folio. The quartos have *rest* instead of *live*. Lettsom would change *live* to *lie*, as the two words were often confounded. But *live* was probably meant in antithesis to *death* in the line before.

P. 154. *Not when my father York and Edward wept.*—So Pope. The folio has *No* instead of *Not*. The line is not in the quartos.

P. 157. *With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by.*—So the quartos. The folio has “witness of *my* hatred,” which some editors prefer. But “witness of *my* hatred” to what? Richard is speaking of the causes which the Lady Anne has for hating himself, and he regards King Henry’s death as one of them, and the presence of Henry’s bleeding corse is a witness to that hatred.

P. 158. *Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal.*—So Pope. The old text reads “Yong, *Valiant, Wise*, and (no doubt) right Royal.” Surely there ought to be no hitch or halting in the metre here. Various ways of rectifying the verse have been proposed, but Pope’s is the simplest.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 159. *Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.*—Here and four times afterwards in this scene, as also in several other places, the old editions have *Derby* instead of *Stanley*; but they have *Stanley* in a still larger number of places. In fact, the Lord Stanley of this play did not become Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. For this confusion of names or titles in the old copies it is not easy to account; but it seems hardly credible that it could have originated with Shakespeare: at all events, I can see no sufficient reason for retaining it in the text, as some editors do.

P. 161.

That thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it. — The quartos have “and to remove it.” The correction is Capell’s. The folio has merely “that he may learne the ground,” omitting the rest.

P. 165. *As little joy enjoys the Queen thereof.* — The old copies have “*A* little joy.” But *A* is no doubt a misprint for *As*; for Margaret is running a variation upon what Elizabeth has just said, and the latter began her speech with “*As* little joy.”

P. 168. *Thou that wast seal’d in thy nativity*

The slave of Nature and the son of Hell. — It appears that some have stumbled at the words *slave* and *son* here. Collier’s second folio has “The *stain* of nature and the *scorn* of Hell”; Singer’s, “The *shame* of nature and the *spawn* of Hell.” For my part, I have to confess that the words have never troubled me; and I think Walker is right in saying that a *slave of nature* means “neither more nor less than a *born villain*.”

P. 169. Riv. *Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.* — The old text assigns this speech to Buckingham. But Margaret’s reply to it, and her next speech, which is addressed to Buckingham, show that the prefix “*Buc.*” must be wrong. Walker points out the error, and Lettson remarks that perhaps the speech should be given to Rivers.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 175. Brak. *I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest!* —

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, &c. — So the quartos. Between these two lines, the folio has “*Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant,*” and prefixes “*Bra.*” to the second line; the preceding dialogue being between Clarence and the “*Keeper,*” and having “*Enter Clarence and Keeper*” at the opening of the scene. Of course this is making the Lieutenant and the Keeper two distinct persons. Why the folio made this change upon the quartos, is not very apparent, there being nothing gained by such variety of speakers. I must add that, in the last speech of Clarence before the entrance of Brakenbury, the folio has “*Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things,*” instead of “*O Brakenbury, I have done those things.*” Also, in Brakenbury’s speech a little after, the folio has “*There lies the Duke asleepe, and*

there the keys," instead of "*Here are the keys ; there sits* the duke asleep." White objects to the quarto arrangement and reading, that "it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand." But why may not the Lieutenant have taken the keys from one of his subordinates, for the purpose of visiting Clarence? And is there not quite as much impropriety in making Clarence, a prince of the royal blood, unbosom himself so freely in a dialogue with a mere turnkey of the prison?

P. 177. *I hope my holy humour will change.* — So the quartos. The folio "*this passionate humor of mine.*" Here, again, I prefer the quarto text, because the same speaker, in his next speech, says, "some certain dregs of *conscience* are yet within me."

P. 181. Hast thou *that holy feeling in thy* soul, &c. — In the quartos, this and the three following lines are addressed to the second murderer only, and in reply to what is said by him alone just before, "Make peace with God." The folio reads "*Have you* that holy feeling in your *soules*," &c., and makes the whole speech an address to both the Murderers.

P. 181. 2 Murd. *What shall we do?*

Clar. *Relent, and save your souls.*

1 Murd. *Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.*

Clar. *Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. —*

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me :

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1 Murd. *Ay, [Stabbing him.] thus, and thus, &c.* — So the first quarto, which is followed by Capell, Staunton, and Dyce in his last edition. The other quartos have the same, with only some slight variations. The folio has the following:

2. Whall shall we do?

Cla. Relent, and save your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as your selves came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my distresse.

1. Relent? *no*: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
 Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish:
 My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy looks:
 O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
 "A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
 2. *Looke behinde you, my Lord.*
 1. Take *that*, and *that*, &c.

Here it is manifest that the folio additions serve no purpose but to embarrass and enfeeble the dialogue: besides, in some places it is hardly possible to make any sense out of them. To amend the latter fault, they have been variously tinkered at, but with only partial success. I therefore have no scruple of concurring with the other editors named in omitting them altogether as an unauthorized intrusion.

P. 182. *How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous murder!*—So the folio. The quartos
 have "*Of this most grievous guilty murder done.*"

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 185. *Of you, Lord Rivers, — and, Lord Grey, of you,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me; —
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; — indeed, of all.*—So the quartos.
 Between the second and third of these lines, the folio has the follow-
 ing line: "*Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you.*" Malone
 pointed out the fact, that there was no such person as Lord Woodville,
 and that Lord Scales was the oldest son of Earl Rivers.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 193. Hast. *And so in me; and so, I think, in all:* &c. — The
 old copies assign this speech to Rivers; which can hardly be right, as
 Rivers has all along been opposed to the faction who are here trying
 to dissemble their thoughts. The old copies also give the next speech
 to Hastings, which is here assigned to Stanley. The corrections are
 Capell's.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 198. Q. Eliz. *For what offence?*
 Mess. *The sum of all I can I have disclosed:*

Why or for what these nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady. — The old copies assign the first of these speeches to the Archbishop; the quartos, with the prefix "*Car.*," the folio, with "*Arch.*" But the quartos have *Lady* at the end of the next speech, while the folio has *Lord*, thus making the correction in the wrong place. Johnson detected the error.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 201. *You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional ;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.*

You break not sanctuary in seizing him : &c. — I here adopt the punctuation proposed by Heath. The pointing commonly followed, both in the old and in modern editions, sets a colon at the end of the second line, and a comma at the end of the third; thus connecting the third line with what follows, not with what precedes. With this pointing, I see no way but to accept Warburton's alteration of the text, "*the greenness of his age*," or something equivalent. With that change, the sense is, "*If you consider the matter with due reference to the childish and tender age of the Prince, you break not sanctuary in taking him away.*" Here we have no want of logical coherence; but, with the old reading and the old pointing, no such coherence seems possible. The passage has troubled editors a good deal; and other textual changes have been proposed: Collier's second folio has "*the goodness of his age*"; and Lettsom notes that "*the context seems to require a word like cunning or knowledge.*" I at one time thought that "*grossness of this age*" might refer to the *gross abuses* of sanctuary practised in that age; but this consideration really does nothing towards healing the logical incoherence. However, as those abuses are largely insisted on in Buckingham's speech as reported by More, I subjoin a considerable extract from the latter :

Now look how few sanctuary men there be whom necessity or misfortune compelled to go thither. And then see, on the other side, what a sort there be commonly therein of such whom wilful unthriftiness hath brought to naught. What a rabble of thieves, murderers, and malicious heinous traitors there be, and that in two places specially; the one at the elbow of the city, and the other in the very bowels. I dare well avow it, *if you weigh the good that they do, with the hurt that cometh of them, ye shall find it much better to lose both than to have both.* And this I say, although they were not abused (as they now be, and long have been,) that I fear me ever they will be, while men be afeared to set to their hands to the amendment, as though God and

Saint Peter were the patrons of ungracious living. Now unthrifths riot and run in debt upon boldness of these places; yea, rich men run thither with poor men's goods; there they build, there they spend, and bid their creditors go whistle. Men's wives run thither with their husbands' plate, and say they dare not abide with their husbands for beating: thieves bring thither stolen goods, and live thereon. There devise they new robberies nightly, and steal out and rob, reave, and kill men, and come again into those places, as though those places gave them not only a safeguard for the harm that they have done, but a license also to do more mischief. Where a man is by lawful means in peril, there needeth he the tuition of some special privilege, which is the only ground of all sanctuaries; from which necessity this noble prince is far, whose love to his king, nature and kindred proveth; whose innocency to all the world, his tender youth affirmeth; and so sanctuary, as for him, is not necessary. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptism, to require it by his godfathers: he must ask it himself that must have it; and reason, sith no man hath cause to have it, but whose conscience of his own fault maketh him have need to require it. What will, then, hath yonder babe, which, if he had discretion to require it, if need were, I dare say would be now right angry with them that keep him there. *And verily I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard before of sanctuary children. And he that taketh one out of sanctuary to do him good, I say plainly, he breaketh no sanctuary.*

P. 201. *This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;*

Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.—So the second folio. The earlier editions have "*And therefore.*" Probably a repetition by mistake from the second line above, "*And those who,*" &c.

P. 204. *I'd weigh it lightly, were it heavier.*—So Hamner. The old text has "*I weigh it lightly.*"

P. 204. *I would, that I might thank you, as—as—you call me.*—The folio has "thank you, as, as, you call me." Modern editions print "thank you, as you call me." Walker quotes the line as given in the folio, and then adds, "Meaning, I suppose, 'as—as—you call me.' May not this be the right reading?"

P. 207. *My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive*

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?—The old copies have "*Now, my Lord, What shall wee doe.*" Here *Now* does nothing but clog both sense and metre. Omitted by Pope.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 211. *Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.*—After this line, the folio makes the Priest answer, "He wait upon your Lordship."

As these are precisely the words in which Hastings is there made to answer Buckingham a little after, it seems altogether probable that they were inserted *twice* by mistake. The quartos lack them in both places.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 213. *Make haste ; the hour of death is expire.*—The first folio has “the houre of death is *expiate*.” For “is *expiate*,” the second folio substitutes “is *now expir’d*.” The quartos give the whole line thus: “Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lives is out”; repeating a line that occurs a little before. Steevens proposed *expire*, and so Singer prints. The sense of *expired* is evidently wanted here; and I more than doubt whether *expiate* was ever used in that sense. Nor can that sense be fairly drawn from any of the recognized meanings of the verb *expio*, while it is one of the commonest meanings of the Latin *expiratus* or *expiratus*. It is true, the Poet’s 22d *Sonnet* has “Then look I death my days should *expiate*”; but here again I have little doubt that *expiate* is a misprint for *expire*.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 214. Buck. *Are all things ready for that royal time?*

Stan. They are; and *wants but nomination*.—So Capell. Instead of *They are*, the old text has *It is*. This was probably a sophistication introduced in order to make a subject for *wants*, whereas *nomination* is the subject of *wants*: “and *there wants*,” or “*there is wanting* but the naming of the time.”

P. 216. *What of his heart perceive you in his face*

By any likelihood he show’d to day.—So the quartos. The folio has *livelyhood* instead of *likelihood*. Some editors prefer the folio reading, and support it by quoting from *All’s Well that Ends Well*, i. 1: “The tyranny of her sorrows takes all *liveliness* from her cheek”; where *liveliness* is put for *liveliness*. But it seems to me that the two cases are by no means parallel. The sense of *appearance* or *sign* is plainly required in the text; and *likelihood* may very well bear that sense.

P. 216. *Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.*—See foot-note 10. As this scene is in London, and as in the preceding, which falls on the same day, Ratcliff is represented as being at Pomfret, Theobald here

substituted *Catesby* for *Ratcliff*. But, as we have *Ratcliff* again in the next scene, which also falls on the same day, and as the change cannot there be made without taking too much liberty with the old text, I deem it best to let the impropriety pass. Should we undertake to rectify all the discrepancies of this sort in Shakespeare, we should be — one can hardly tell where.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 220. *Because, my lord, we would have had you hear*

The traitor speak, &c. — The old text has “we would have had you *heard*.” The Poet probably wrote *heare*, and we have many instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

P. 221. *Even where his raging eye or savage heart,*

Without control, listed to make a prey. — So the folio. The quartos have “his *lustfull* eye.” Pope changed *raging* to *ranging*. But “*raging* eye” is a good classical phrase, and Dryden has it in his translation of Virgil.

ACT III., SCENE 7.

P. 225. *But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,*

Stared on each other, and look'd deadly pale. — The old text has “dumb *statues*”; but the verse clearly requires a trisyllable, and *statua* was often used in all sorts of writing. All the quartos, except the first two, have *breathlesse* instead of *breathing*. Rowe printed “like dumb statues or *unbreathing* stones,” and Lettsom proposes “like dumb *statuas*, *unbreathing* stones.” But “*breathing* stones” seems to me better in itself, let alone the authority of the old copies.

P. 226. *He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed.* — So Pope. The old copies have *lulling* for *lolling*; and the folio has *love-bed* instead of *day-bed*. The change of *lulling* to *lolling* is fully warranted from *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3, where the old text has “The large Achilles, on his press'd bed *lolling*.” And I can hardly think that Buckingham would hint at the late King as “lolling on a lewd *love-bed*” in the day-time.

P. 227. *But sore I fear me shall not win him to it.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *sure* instead of *sore*. Dyce approves the change by citing from *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1: “I'll *fear* no other thing so *sore* as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.”

P. 228. *And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—*

True ornament to know a holy man.—These two lines occur only in the folio, and that has *ornaments*. The misprinting of singulars and plurals for each other was very common. Of course the meaning is, “to know a holy man *by*.”

P. 228. *Her face defaced with scars of infamy,*

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf, &c.—The second of these lines is not in the quartos, and the folio has “*His* royal stock,”—an obvious error. In the third line, Johnson proposed to read *smoulder'd* instead of *shoulder'd*, and Walker approves of that reading. See, however, foot-note 15.

P. 230.

But my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.—Walker would read *shames* instead of *shuns*. As in the old copies the word is spelt *shunnes*, it might easily be a misprint for *shames*. But *shuns* yields an apt and forcible sense; though the proposed change seems well worth considering.

P. 232. *I am not made of stone.*—The old copies have *stones*; another clear instance of a plural misprinted for a singular.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 233. *Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,*

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.—These lines are not in the quartos, and the folio has “the tender *Prince*.” But Anne herself says a little after, that she is going to the Tower, “To gratulate the gentle *Princes* there.” The correction is Theobald's.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 247. *When didst Thou sleep while such a deed was done?*—Instead of *while*, the old text repeats *when*; probably by accident. The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 247. *I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;*

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him.—So the Cambridge Editors. In the second line, the quartos have *Richard* instead of

Harry, and the folio substitutes *husband* for *Richard*. A little before, Margaret says, "When holy *Harry* died," and the Duchess, a little after, "O *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes!"

P. 248. *That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;*

That excellent grand tyrant of the Earth,

That reigns in gall'd eyes of weeping souls.—The last two of these lines are not in the quartos, and the folio has them transposed. An unquestionable error, which was corrected by Capell.

P. 250. *For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;*

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;

For one being sued-to, one that humbly sues ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none ;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about.—So the quartos, which are followed by Capell, Staunton, and Dyce. The folio has, instead of the lines in Roman type, the following :

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues :

For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :

For she being feared of all, now fearing one :

For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

P. 257. *Even I : what think you of it, madam ?*—Such is the reading of the quartos, except that they have "*I even I.*" The folio has "*Even so : How thinke you of it ?*"

P. 257. *Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,*

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engraved

Edward and York. — The old copies have "*thereon ingrave.*" Collier's second folio has "*thereon engraven,*" which gives the same sense. I prefer *engraved*, because we have very frequent instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded.

P. 257. *The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies.*—This line is not in the quartos, and the folio has *body* instead of *bodies*.

P. 257. *Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee.*—This line also is wanting in the quartos, and the folio has *hate* instead of *love*, thus giving a sense not at all suited to the context. The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

P. 258. *Advantaging their loan with interest.*—Not in the quartos. The folio has *Love* instead of *loan*. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 259. *Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject now.*—So Pope. The quartos have *love*, the folio *low*, instead of *now*.

P. 261. *The unity the King thy brother made.*—So the seventh quarto. The earlier quartos have “the King *my* brother made,”—a palpable error, for which the folio substituted “the King *my husband* made.”

P. 261. *As I intend to prosper and repent,*

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

Of hostile arms.—So the folio. The quartos have *attempt* instead of *affairs*. I prefer the latter, because it seems more in keeping with the idea of hostile arms used defensively.

P. 262. *And be not peevish-fond in great designs.*—The quartos have “be not *peevish, fond*”; the folio, “be not *peevish found*.” See foot-note 36.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 269. *The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,*

That spoils your summer fields and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, &c.—So Capell. The old copies have *spoil'd* instead of *spoils*. Shakespeare has indeed other like instances of abrupt change of tense, but here the change makes a bad hitch in the sense.—Some have stumbled at the word *wretched* in the first of these lines. Collier's second folio substitutes *reckless*, and Walker pronounces *wretched* “palpably wrong.” But *wretched*, I think, may very well bear the sense of *hateful* or *cursed*, or nearly that; and so the Poet elsewhere uses it; as in *Othello*, v. 1, where Roderigo, on receiving his death-wound from Iago, exclaims, “O *wretched* villain!”

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 272. K. Rich. *What is't o'clock?*

Cate.

It's supper-time, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.—So the folio. The quartos have *six* instead of *nine*. *Six o'clock* disorders the time of the scene; for Richmond

has before said the "weary Sun hath made a golden set," and at that season, August, the Sun did not set till after seven. We are not to suppose, though, that *nine o'clock* was the usual *supper-time* at that period : on the contrary, Harrison tells us in the *Preface* to Holinshed, "The nobilitie, gentrie, and students ordinarilie go to dinner at *eleven* before noone, and to supper at *five*, or betweene five and six, at after-noone." Verplanck remarks upon the matter thus : "It seems, then, that the Poet, perceiving that the conduct of the scene required a later hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richard's refusing to sup, altered the time to what, though not the common supper hour, might well be that of an army, which had just encamped, after a march."

P. 272. *I will not sup to-night. —*

What, is my beaver easier than it was ? — So Pope, Hanmer, and Capell. Between these two lines, the old text has the hemistich, "Give me some ink and paper," — the same words that Richmond has used a little before. Here the words are at least useless, as Richard says, a little after, "Is ink and paper ready ?" How the words got repeated here, is not easy to say : Capell thinks the printers put them in by mistake, "from having their eye caught by a line opposite."

P. 274. Well, *set it down. — Is ink and paper ready ? —* The old text is without the word *Well*, thus making bad work with the metre of the line. Pope mended the breach by inserting *There* ; Capell, by inserting *So*.

P. 276. *Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,*

Doth comfort thee in sleep : live thou, and flourish ! — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The old text omits *thou* in the second line.

P. 277. *Let fall thy pointless lance : despair, and die ! —* So Collier's second folio. The old text lacks *pointless*. Some epithet is plainly needful here. Capell inserted *hurtless*.

P. 277. *Think on Lord Hastings : so despair, and die ! —* So Collier's second folio. The old text lacks *so*. Pope completed the verse by inserting *and*.

P. 277. *To-morrow in the battle think on me,*

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die ! — Here Col-

lier's second folio has *powerless arm* for *edgeless sword*. Dyce thinks the latter is "an accidental repetition from the speech of Clarence's ghost."

P. 279. *Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.*—The old copies have the second line thus: "Lest I revenge. *What?* my Selfe upon my Selfe?" Here *What* evidently crept in by mistake from the line above.

P. 280. K. Rich. *O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.*

Rat. *Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.*—In the old copies, the last three lines of Richard's speech are placed at the close of Richard's soliloquy, before the entrance of Ratcliff. With this arrangement, there is no apparent ground or reason for Ratcliff's saying, "be not afraid of shadows." The transposition was proposed by Mason.

P. 280. *Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried, On! victory!*—So Warburton. The old copies read "and cried *on Victory*." Pope changed this to "cried *out Victory*." Shakespeare has the phrase to *cry on* repeatedly; but in most other cases it means to "exclaim *against*"; a meaning evidently unsuited to the context here.

P. 282. *Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully.*—So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has "boldly *and* cheerfully."

P. 283. *They thus directed, we ourself will follow, &c.*—So Pope. The old copies lack *ourself*, thus leaving a gap in the verse where, evidently, there ought to be none.

P. 284. *Fockey of Norfolk, be not too bold.*—The old copies have "be not *so* bold" and "be not *to* bold." The *Chronicles* suggest the correction.

P. 284. *To desperate ventures and assured destruction.*—So Capell. The old copies have *adventures* instead of *ventures*.

P. 284. *They would distraint the one, distain the other.* — So Warburton, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The old text has *restraine* instead of *distrain*. The former word was never used in a sense suited to the context, while Shakespeare has the latter twice at least in just the sense here required. See foot-note 26.

P. 285. *Off with his son George's head!* — Hanmer printed "Off instantly with his son George's head," and it would seem that some such qualifying word is fairly required.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

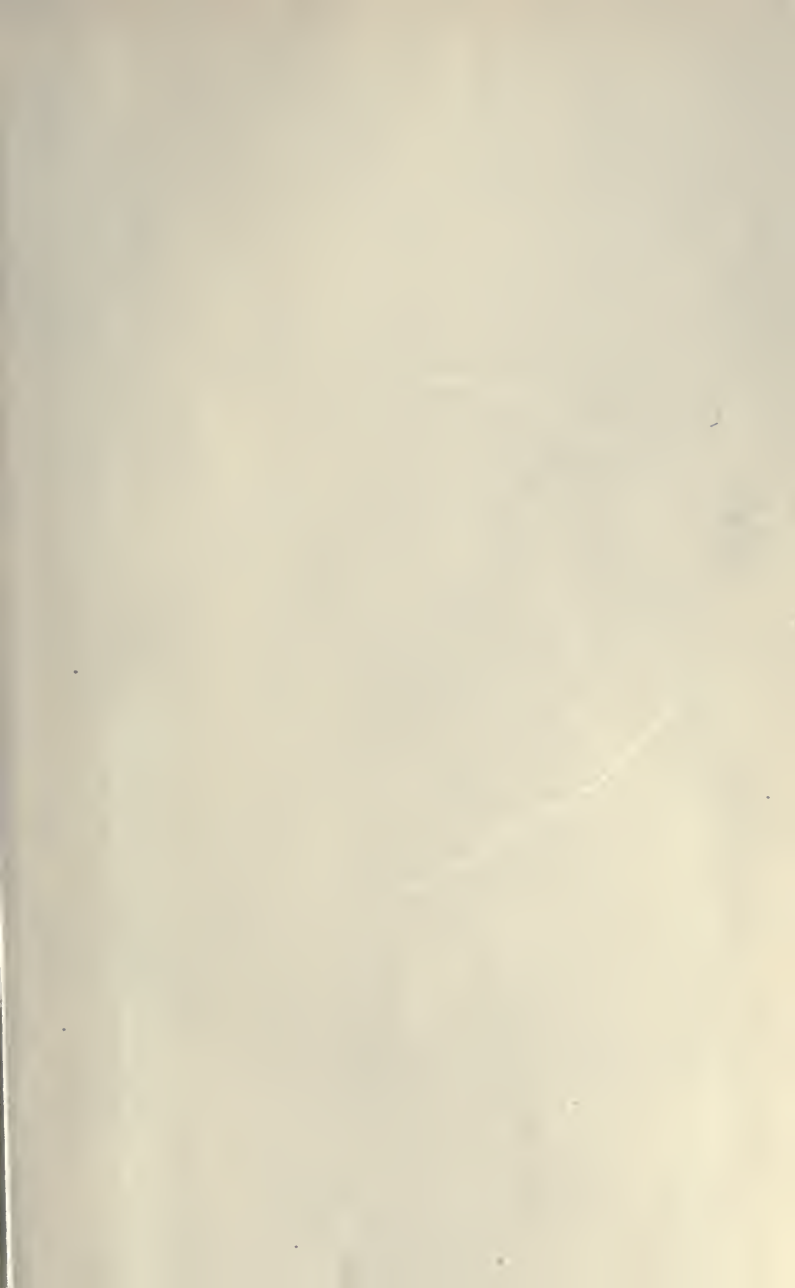
P. 287. *They fight, and exeunt fighting.* — Instead of this, the old copies have "*they fight, Richard is slaine*"; and then add "*Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne,*" &c. Here we have a plain contradiction, as Stanley is made to enter, and bring the crown, into the same place where Richard lies dead; which of course implies the slaying of him to have taken place somewhere else. But it is admitted, I believe, on all hands, that the stage-directions in the old copies are often badly confused, and that, in many instances at least, they were supplied by the players. Perhaps it was the custom in Shakespeare's time, as it still is, to have Richard killed before the audience. — I must add, that neither the fourth nor the fifth scene of this Act is so marked in the old copies; but the course of the action fairly implies a change of scene in both places. Such changes indeed were often left to the imagination of the audience; owing, probably, to the scant arrangements for scene-shifting on the old stage. Here the marking of the fifth scene, though not less necessary than that of the fourth, was left to be made by Dyce.

P. 287. *But tell me now, is young George Stanley living?* — So Dyce. The old text lacks *now*. Pope filled up the gap in the metre by inserting *first*.

P. 288. *All this divided York and Lancaster,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House, —
Divided in their dire division, —*

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! — In the old copies, the fourth of these lines is printed as the second. This arrangement makes the sense very obscure, to say the least, and has caused a deal

of trouble to the editors, who, it seems, cannot yet agree about either the meaning or the punctuation of the passage. Mr. White so punctuates it as to give the same meaning which is here given, except in the first of the five lines, where I think he errs in taking *divided* as a verb, and not as a participle, and so making *York* and *Lancaster* the objects of it; as if the foregoing particulars were the cause, and not the consequences, of the quarrel. The sense of that line I take to be, "All this *division* of York and Lancaster." And I have little doubt that the fourth line as here printed got transposed, by some mistake, into the place of the second; an error which those who are at all practised in the mysteries of printing can easily understand.





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